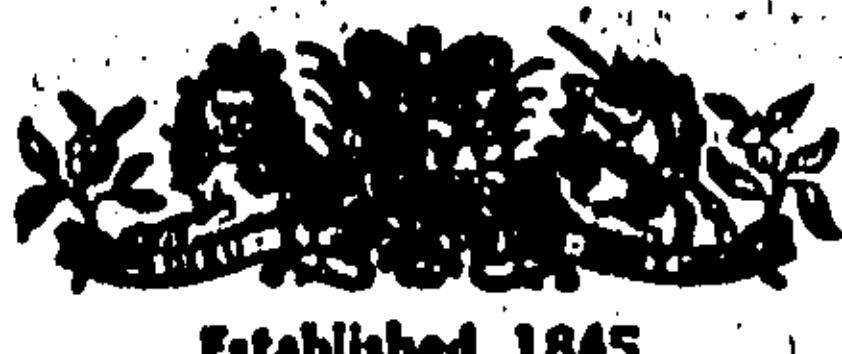


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COMMENT OF THE DAY

General Ely's Appointment

THE replacement of General Navarre by General Paul Ely as Commander-in-Chief in Indo-China is of profound importance and significance to the people of that war-ridden country and the French Union forces fighting there. The appointment throws an entirely new French emphasis on the whole question of Indo-China. Manifestly it means that, come what may at Geneva, France has no intention of militarily abandoning the country. On the contrary it is a most decisive sign that if events decree the war shall continue, a very much more determined effort will be made to obliterate the Vietnamese rebels as a military factor in Indo-China. The replacing of General Navarre was expected. The failure of his strategy in the Red River delta and the loss of Dien Bien Phu were severe blows to his prestige as a general in the field. Moreover, all reports indicate that these reverses have affected the morale of the French Union forces and they require new and inspiring leadership. With the appointment of General Ely, who as Chairman of the French Chiefs of Staff ranks as the highest member of the French armed forces, the boost in morale is assured, and when he takes over his command, a new strategy and probably revised tactics can be expected in the use of the French Union forces against the rebels. There is a second aspect of General Ely's appointment which attracts attention. He is to combine the functions of Commander-in-Chief of the Far Eastern theatre with the duties of Commissioner-General, which gives General Ely political as well as military responsibilities. In this office General Ely will be working much closer to political leaders of Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia than General Navarre was able to. He will be in a position to coordinate military requirements with political considerations; and a much bigger measure of co-operation between the French and the Union forces should be one result. General Ely's ability is already established and his personal prestige high. On these two grounds alone his appointment will bring needed benefits to Indo-China.

Nine-Nation Commission For Indo-China Proposed

Eden Returns To London

London, June 4. Mr Anthony Eden, the British Foreign Secretary, said on arrival here from Geneva tonight that the Asian conference was making "slow progress."

He told reporters at London airport: "I should be going back there for a meeting on Tuesday."

Mr Eden said: "I am back for a day or two and will spend most of the time in the country, but I expect to see Sir Winston Churchill, the Prime Minister, and some of my colleagues tomorrow morning."

"The conference is making slow progress and I shall be back there for our meeting on Tuesday."

Mr Eden declined to elaborate his statement except to say that it was obvious that if the progress was less slow the conference would be proceeding better.

Reminded that on leaving London two weeks ago he had predicted that the next week or two would prove decisive Mr Eden smiled and said that whether this had proved true or not would have to be deduced from his statement. He was not prepared to add to it.

Mr Eden reports to the Cabinet tomorrow morning on the progress of the Far Eastern conference now six weeks old.

Mrs Jagan In Trouble Again

Georgetown, June 4. Police today obtained a summons against Mrs Janet Jagan, Secretary of the People's Progressive Party, accusing her of unlawfully possessing a book on police riot drill. She will appear before a magistrate on June 18. The book, giving top secret information about police movements in case of a riot, was alleged to have been found in Mrs Jagan's home in a police search following the dynamiting of Queen Victoria's statue on May 26.—Reuter.

SUGGESTED INCLUSION OF JAPAN

Geneva, June 4.

Seven countries — including Japan — were listed today by the Cambodian Foreign Minister, Mr Tep Phan, as a group from which three could be chosen to serve on the proposed neutral nations supervisory commission for Indo-China.

Mr Tep Phan was the only delegate today to put forward the names of any countries for the commission as the nine-nation Indo-China peace conference wrangled for another three hours about the powers an armistice supervisory commission should have.

Today's session of the conference again got nowhere, conference sources said. But one Western delegate said the atmosphere at today's meeting — the 12th secret session in the Palace of Nations — was better than at the three sessions when the same problem was debated fruitlessly.

The seven countries suggested by the Cambodian delegate were Japan, India, Pakistan, Burma, the Philippines, Italy and Canada.

Later in the session, Mr Vyacheslav Molotov, the Soviet Foreign Minister, who presided, accepted an American proposal yesterday that negotiations about the members of the Commission should continue privately between the Foreign Ministers.

Mr Walter Bedell Smith, United States Under-Secretary of State, said yesterday that this would spare possible candidates for the Commission from the embarrassment of having their names bandied about in public.

Mr Tep Phan rejected China's insistence on applying the ban on reinforcements to all three Indo-Chinese states — Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia.

He said that when Cambodia returned to normal and was again at peace, the country would need military equipment from abroad, though it would only seek to meet its own needs.

Mr Tep Phan said the only task for the armistice commission in Cambodia would be to supervise the withdrawal of the invading Vietnamese battalions.

Conference sources quoted the Cambodian delegates as saying: "Why should there be any control on arms entering our country? Why for instance should there not be control on arms going into China?"

EDEN BACKS CLAIMS

Mr Anthony Eden, the British Foreign Secretary, who flew back to London immediately after today's session, backed Cambodia's claims that the problems in Cambodia were different from those in Vietnam.

He said that the Cambodian question should be discussed as soon as possible, conference sources said.

Mr Eden said a fundamental armistice commission and the joint committees of the two sides were to carry out observations of the truce lines. The Chinese and Vietnamese proposals gave the primary role

for carrying out the ceasefire agreement to the joint committees.

Mr Eden asked the Communist delegations to clarify their ideas about the functions of the supervisory commission and the joint committees.

He said he would like more information about how they thought they should work together.

Mr Eden supported the establishment of joint committees in Vietnam, the main battleground. But he said there would inevitably be disagreements between them and some method must be devised for resolving their differences.

He thought it should be the supervisory commission. Co-ordination between the supervisory commission and the joint committees was not enough.

Moreover, the supervisory commission would be quite unable to resolve the disputes if it was formed by nations drawn from the two sides.

Mr Eden said the first task of the conference must be to reach agreement on the authority and status of the supervisory commission and then on its functions and structure.

He fully supported the proposals submitted by M. Georges Bidault, French Foreign Minister, on the functions and structure of the commission put forward on Wednesday.

The next task, Mr Eden said, must be to agree on the authority to whom the Supervisory Commission would be responsible.

Mr Eden described as interesting the suggestions by Mr Chou En-lai, Chinese Prime Minister and Foreign Minister, that the Commission should be responsible to the nine nations at the conference here.

If it were agreed that the nine nations should be the supreme authority they might be able to set up a permanent organisation of control, Mr Eden said.—Reuter.

Police Officers Acquitted

Alleged Cruelty To Suspect

Nairobi, June 4.

Two Kenya police reserve officers were acquitted at Nakuru today of charges that they ordered a Mau Mau suspect to be held over fire to make him confess.

The jury took three quarters of an hour to decide that Dennis Pharaayn, 29, of Kitale, and Michael J. Sawyer of Mombasa were not guilty of causing bodily harm to Kimwana Githuri, a Kikuyu tribesman.

The prosecution had alleged that Pharaayn and Sawyer ordered African policemen to hold Githuri over a fire to make him confess to Mau Mau activities.

Kimwana said he was held over the fire twice and was burned on the chest and stomach while the two officers watched.

Pharaayn and Sawyer said the burning took place after they had left the scene and without their knowledge.

The defence submitted that the four African policemen who gave evidence of the burning had perjured themselves to put the blame on the officers and that evidence by Kimwana was not worthy of belief because he was a Mau Mau member.

In his summing up, the judge warned the jury that the four policemen must be considered accomplices and that their evidence therefore required corroboration.—China Mail Special.

Demonstration In Berlin

Berlin, June 5.

West Berlin police last night used truncheons to break up two Communist youth demonstrations—one in the French and one in the American sector. They detained 122 demonstrators.

Police said 700 youths took part in the demonstrations entering West Berlin in small groups from the adjacent Soviet sector and attempting to march up in formation.

Most of the demonstrators detained were East Berlin members of the Communist Free German youth, though they did not wear the blue shirts of the movement.

Interrogations showed that the demonstrations had been organised in East Berlin, police said.

They occurred on the eve of a three-day Communist youth rally in East Berlin.—Reuter.

Gun Battle: 1 Killed, Several Wounded

Buenos Aires, June 4.

One man was killed and several wounded in a gun-battle which ended a metal-workers' meeting here today.

The police used gas to break up the fight, in which bottles were also used as weapons, and cordoned off the area.

Eyewitnesses said the fight began when delegates arrived in force from outlying areas to break a strike which has been complete in the capital for a fortnight. Afterwards a delegation which went to police headquarters reported that President Juan Peron had agreed to interview the workers.

Meanwhile, impromptu speakers harangued the crowd, and told the metal-workers to go to union headquarters tomorrow and "kick the executive out".—Reuter.

Churchill "Retirement Jitters" Hit Britain

London, June 4.

Parliament closed down tonight for a 10-day Whitsuntide holiday with many members trying to puzzle out when Sir Winston Churchill intends to retire — and some confident it will be very soon.

Churchill "retirement jitters" have reached such a state in the political world here that practically every engagement of the Prime Minister — from his routine visit to Queen Elizabeth to any Cabinet meeting called at an odd hour — sparks off new speculation.

For almost a year now, Sir Winston Churchill has been having a wonderful game with the prophets. Clinging tenaciously to office when one after another of the deadlines they have fixed for his departure has come and gone, he has discouraged their best efforts.

Now, six months off his 80th birthday, he is getting his mind as ever out of the speculation, which by the end of this month, will have turned full circle.

At the end of June last year, he was a sick man whom the world fully expected to stand down in a few months at most, possibly using the Conservative Party's autumn conference for his swan song.

FULLY RECOVERED

Today, no longer sick and possibly fitter than before his 1953 breakdown, he is predicted to be considering this year's Party conference in October for his official farewell.

The argument is that he wants to hand over to Mr Anthony Eden his official deputy before the year is out. This would give Mr Eden a chance of settling down in the Prime Ministership before the Conservative Government has run its full five-year course which takes it to 1959.

Sir Winston Churchill is certainly booked to make his annual address to the autumn conference. But whether he intends to "spring" his resignation then nobody really knows.

Other reports give the Prime Minister a shorter lease of official life suggesting the "handover" will come before autumn. Reports that he would retire when Queen Elizabeth returned to England from her Commonwealth tour last month have now been replaced by others that he may choose Monday, June 14 — when he is to be officially installed as a Knight of the Order of the Garter — for the announcement.

Can Now Store Sun's Energy

Conversion Into Electricity

Baltimore, June 4.

The United States Air Force announced today it had found a way of storing the sun's energy and turning it into electricity for the home.

The method opens up the possibility of homes being supplied with power from a sheet of plastic either resting on the roof or built into the house.

The Air Force said it had developed a "solar generator" using cadmium sulfide, a yellow powder used as a pigment in the manufacture of paint.

The powder is processed into crystal, which picks up the sun's rays. A wafer thin sheet of this crystal, four by 15 feet, would supply enough current for a normal house, the Air Force said.

Electrodes are attached to the side of the crystal and a wire running from the positive electrode to a motor or battery and back to the negative electrode forms the circuit.

The amount of current generated depends on the area of the crystal attached to the crystal. The Air Force's experimental generator used a piece of crystal about the size of a lump of sugar and an electrode an eighth of an inch square. It produced a third of a volt.

The generator was developed by the Wright Air Development centre near Dayton, Ohio. It is the United States' second "power from the sun" device.

In April the Bell Telephone Company announced it had produced a "solar battery" which converts sunlight into electricity through silicon transistors.

In this system light striking strips of silicon creates a flow of electric current in atoms in the strips.—Reuter.

New French Chief Of Staff

Paris, June 4.

General Augustin Guillaume, former French resident general in Morocco, has been nominated chief of staff of the French Army and president of the Chiefs of Staff Committee. It was officially announced tonight.

General Guillaume succeeds General Paul Ely, who was tonight appointed by Premier Joseph Laniel to be commander-in-chief in Indo-China.—France-Press.

INCH OF RAIN

A total of 1.114 inches of rain were recorded by the Royal Observatory for the period 1 a.m. to 9 a.m. today. The heaviest fall occurred at 7 a.m. with 47 points of an inch recorded.

FLY PAL TO MANILA

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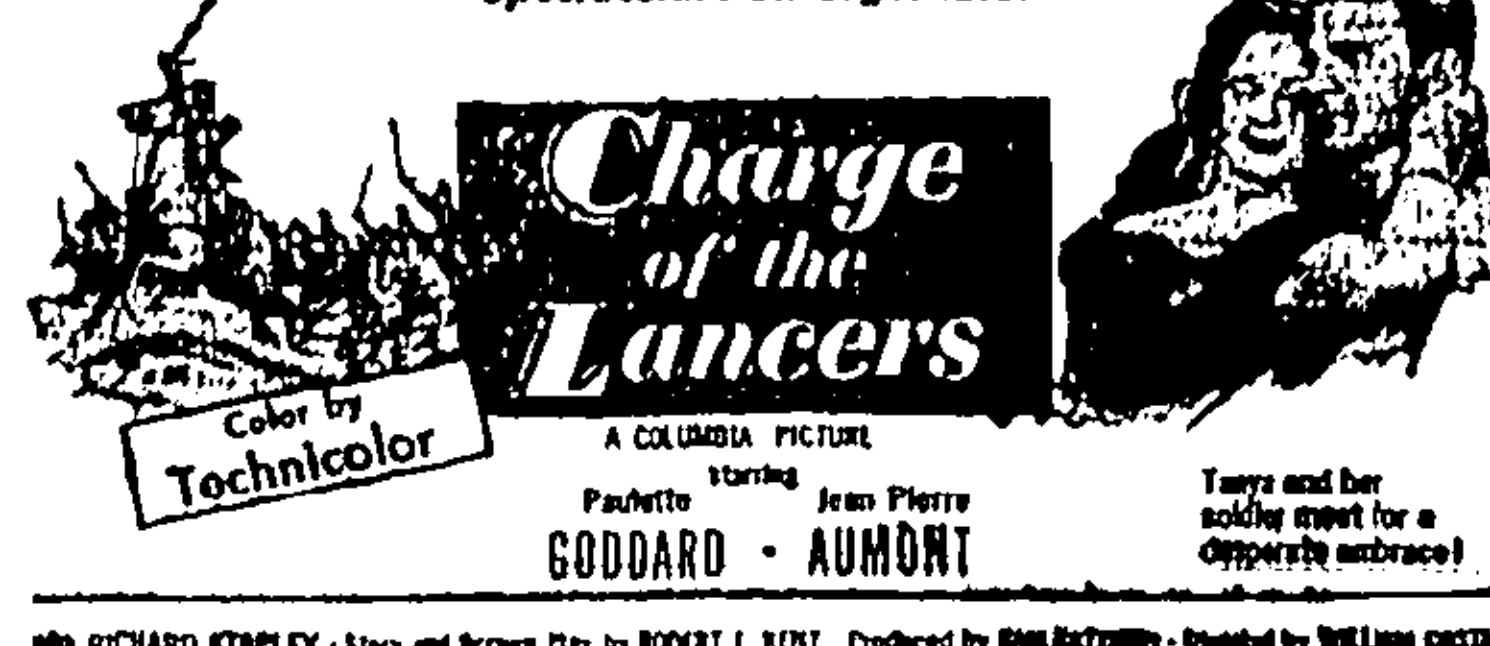
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FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

Most of the first run theatres are giving us big pictures calculated to last for at least a week. While it's not always the big films that are the most worth while from the mental angle, this week's selection seems to be a pretty fair one.

The QUEEN'S and the ALHAMBRA have "THE COMMAND", followed by Doris Day's "LUCKY ME". The latter I'll tell you about next week.

The CAPITOL and LIBERTY are showing "ESCAPE FROM FORT BRAVO" and coming after that, Mel Ferrer and Ava Gardner will, as King Arthur and Queen Guinevere, rule over England in "KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE". This, in spite of rumours of Red Skelton in "HALF A HERO".

"NIGHT PEOPLE" is at the ROXY and BROADWAY—almost certainly (the "almost" is my obeisance to the mysterious power that dislodges even my surest predictions) for two weeks.

The ever youthful Ginger Rogers will be coming to the EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS, after their present runs, in "FOREVER FEMALE". These are, at the KING'S and PRINCESS, "CHARGE OF THE LANCERS" and at the EMPIRE, "DUFFY OF SAN QUENTIN". The EMPIRE may possibly show another picture between "DUFFY" and "FOREVER FEMALE", but so far it hasn't been decided.

At the HOOVER is Patrice Munsel in "MELBA" and "DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE" will follow "SAS-KATCHEWAN" into the LEE and the GREAT WORLD.

I'd hate to write off "ESCAPE FROM FORT BRAVO" as just another western, the chief reason being my immense respect for William Holden as an actor. But the fact remains that there didn't seem anything particularly original about it.

Oh yes, I enjoyed it—having sat through hundreds of westerns in my teens and loved every one of them, I can still get a thrill from watching the Indians circling the little band of settlers, cowboys, soldiers, whoever happens to be in the trap in the particular picture I'm watching, but I'd expected a super-special thrill from this Anselcooured drama and unless it's a delayed action one, I didn't get it. This particular scene in "ESCAPE FROM FORT BRAVO" is the climax and also the longest drawn out part of the film.

CHINK'S THERE
William Holden plays a type I'm getting rather used to in outdoor films. On the surface hardbitten, ruthless—even cruel—this rugged exterior hides not exactly a heart of gold, but not quite the single-minded individual we meet in the opening sequences. One begins to be on the lookout for the chink in the armour as soon as it becomes obvious that one's not looking at the villain.

But enough of the character of the man—as this was obviously meant to be an action picture, let's look at it along those lines.

Of riding there's plenty; of shooting, the same and for someone there's Eleanor Parker. The lucky girl not only has William Holden in love with her, but one of Holden's Confederate prisoners too—John Forsythe. He's very much like a younger, less taciturn Henry Fonda. Eleanor Parker's choice at the end has nothing to do with her political sympathies or with the fact that said choice is made easier by one of the two dying.

I found the dialogue a little difficult to hear at times, which was a pity, because some of the snatches exchanged by William Demarest (as a Confederate sergeant) and William Campbell (as a Rebel corporal) were pretty funny. Maybe some of the missed were even funnier.

I suppose a good actor can only derive benefit from being seen in as many varied roles as possible. William Holden has played a rich woman's indecisive darling in "SUNSET BOULEVARD", a tough, self-reliant sharpie in "STALAG 17", an intelligent but self-centred playwright in "FOREVER FEMALE" to name only a few.

So let's just thank you to MGM for letting us see him in costume in a western and ask them kindly to put him back in line again in more intelligent parts.

"EXECUTIVE SUITE" sounds like one of those—let's see it out here soon please.

SMALL CARP
"NIGHT PEOPLE" is the 2nd CinemaScope film I've really enjoyed through and through.

There is one ally little recurring "joke" which—as it's such a small carp—should prove to you that I can't find much else to grumble at! It's the old one in which one of the characters is continually screwing up a cigarette. I wouldn't have mentioned it except for the fact that they've added an actor I very much admire with it—Walter Abel—playing a U.S. Army doctor.

The locality is present day Berlin and for the bones of the story, refer to what I said last week. Gregory Peck and Broderick Crawford weren't just acting the parts of Counter-Intelligence Colonel and know-it-all tycoon respectively—they were these people.

Antia Bjork I found rather disappointing, but Rita Gam's interesting personality more than made up for her. And the delightful little girl, friend of the abducted corporal (son of millionaire Broderick Crawford) has one of the loveliest faces we've seen for some time. Marianne Koch is her name.

The suspense in "NIGHT PEOPLE" is terrific and there's real tension and reason in each scene that simply shouts for admiration when one considers the little, contrived situations normally served up in screen stories.

Supporting characters deserving mention are Peck's sergeant (I think he was a sergeant, I was too busy laughing at and with him to count his stripes) played by lanky ex-dancer Buddy Ebsen and the hilarious young State Department official, Casey Adams. I keep returning to the delightful discovery that all these characters were people, not just motion picture dummies going through the movements of playing real life scenes.

How I dislike pictures that treat me like a moron and spoon feed me with everything within a mile of becoming an original idea. "NIGHT PEOPLE" thank goodness, implies quite often "you're on your own make what you like of this bit".

But don't sheer off in fright at this. "NIGHT PEOPLE" moves at a speed that keeps you concentrating from start to finish—never a dull moment. On this showing CinemaScope's made a convert.

With "NIGHT PEOPLE", the ROXY is showing a colorful, full of life, the Pasadena (California) annual Tournament of Roses. There are floats from all over the USA and the prices they cost to make are absolutely fabulous.

In the middle of admiring the beauty of one representing Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs and another Gulliver's Travels (decorated over every inch with flowers) I couldn't help reflecting on the utter waste of it all. But what a spectacle and what a subject for CinemaScope!

MORE ABOUT EVE

There's a lot of "ALL ABOUT EVE" in "FOREVER FEMALE". Reprising actress—slightly aging—hopeful young aspirant trying to wheedle her way into the magic circle. Free and easy aura surrounding theatre relationships, dressing room scenes, man-eating tactics of star, one devoted admirer. I think "ALL ABOUT EVE" was a greater film, but "FOREVER FEMALE" is still exceptionally good.

Ginger Rogers seems to have been taking allocation lessons from a Boston teacher passing herself off as Mayfair since I last saw her in a picture. Every time she says "thanks" (and it seems to occur a great many times) you can almost hear her say "The King and I". I was a brown dinner jacket, brilliant

to drop the "R" in "charming", we got something like "CHUM-MING". However, it fits in quite well with the spilt star she plays.

William Holden, a great favourite of mine, doesn't quite equal his "SUNSET BOULEVARD" or "STALAG 17" performances, but his charm hasn't deteriorated and he's still one of the better good looking actors on the screen today.

On the other hand, he's advanced as Ginger Rogers' one-time husband, now best friend, always competent, is better than usual.

A newcomer being launched in this picture is Patricia Crowley—a bouncy, self-confident little miss my hand fished to spunk. Certainly she can act and she even looks the 22 years she's credited with in the picture, but although the talent's there, I can't see what future she has without the glamour she very obviously lacks.

Ginger Rogers is an established actress in "FOREVER FEMALE". William Holden is outside the theatre circle but has written a play. He's very outspoken when he meets her—obviously she's going to fall for this line, whether he means it as one or not. His play calls for a young girl, dominated by her mother, to take the leading part.

Intrigued by his treatment of her, Beatrice Page will hear of nothing but that she should play this young girl. As (she says) she's 20, however, the girl's age will have to be advanced a little—this of course will make the play so much more adult.

Allowing himself to be persuaded, William Holden is castigated by Patricia Crowley who (a) wants the role as it was originally written, for herself (b) is in love with Holden and jealous of the actress and (c) still trying to pretend that her original ostentatious admiration of Beatrice Page was sincere.

What makes a movie dance consensable? It is not, it appears, so much the indiscreetness of the dancer as the intention of the film-makers. Which explains the flare-up over Jane Russell's dance performance in "The French Line".

Jane wanted the dance modified and saw no reason why it shouldn't have been. The producers, on the other hand, saw the dance as box-office and finally the censors saw it as just what it was—a parcel of sex wrapped up in a dance.

Similar trouble stalked Debra Page's dance in "Princess of the Nile". With one eye on the box-office and the other on making Debra dance the desirable the producers once more ran head on into censor trouble.

Now comes a new dance which would appear to burn more of the celluloid than either of the others. It is a dance by Gloria Grahame for the forthcoming "Naked Alibi".

It appears that dressed in a skin-tight satin gown with a slit, blonde Gloria slithers around a saloon floor in a way which can only be described as incendiary.

One would think that the censors would pounce with a vengeance. But it appears that the producers are able to prove that they weren't thinking of sex or the box-office when they included the dance.

There was another reason for it. In the story Gloria has been dancing the same dance at the same time for over 5 years. All the men are used to it that they just go on drinking. Well that's the producers' story and they're sticking to it.

I mustn't spoil it for you by telling you any more about the story; however, its one of those pictures that, were I in the position of being able to nominate Academy Award winners, I wouldn't recommend for quite that honour but would strongly urge you to go and see for an entertaining evening.

SAN QUENTIN AGAIN

Even the most infrequent British visitor to the cinema will have heard of America's San Quentin prison—though I doubt if our Darwinian, Hobbins or Warwood Scripps are as familiar to our cousins. There's a simple, obvious reason—we just haven't made as many films about them as there have been about the notorious San Quentin.

This one though, sees the prison, not through the eyes of one of the convicts—wrongfully imprisoned, or waiting his chance to make a break—but via the understanding mind of warden Clinton T. Duffy. As Duffy, Paul Kelly reflects on his 50 years' service with the prison. He recalls his appointment to the place, still rocking from the terrific clean-up that followed one of the most vicious riots in goal history. And he remembers the many revolutionary changes he instituted.

One of them was to bring in a pretty girl as the hospital nurse and appoint as her assistant a convict who had a fixation about women because of what one of the species had done to him.

These two are played by Joanne Dru and Louis Hayward. A rather weak character the latter and one it's hard to feel much sympathy for—but who knows what life behind bars can do to a person until they experience it themselves.

Maureen O'Sullivan plays Mrs Duffy. You'd hardly recognise her as Jane of the old "You Tarzan, Me Jane" days.

This is the film based on the book by the real life of Clinton T. Duffy, former head of San Quentin Penitentiary and is reportedly founded on fact.

red socks and a pink shirt... Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons have just got rid of their two Jaguar cars. But it will be no hardship. They have exchanged them for two of the latest Mercedes-Benz. There are five-figure prices involved.

Maureen O'Sullivan, "The Long Grey Line", is not allowed to eat in the mess hall with West Point cadets. No reason given. Just a precaution. Zsa Zsa Gabor has dyed her hair several shades darker. Her comment: "It got a sort of funny colour and so I added pink and purple. Then I had to darken it."

THE TALK OF ROME

I hear from a colleague in Rome that Lancashire's Janet Scott is the talk of the Eternal City. International film stars on location with her for "Helen of Troy" (the biggest film ever produced in Italy) admit that they find it difficult to believe that the Morecambe-born actress with her 33-inch-long tresses and not forgetting the confident air, is only just 18.

Janet has the important role of the temple priestess, Cassandra, the famed prophet of disaster. The role calls for Janet to wear tan long plaits, Her own hair ("long enough to sit on!") she says, will make up the four crown plaits and the make-up man will provide the rest.

In between "takes" Janet is learning Italian and in between learning Italian she goes sight-seeing with her father, Mr James Scott, himself a veteran musician. He assures worried ones back in Morecambe that Janet is not being spoilt by the attention paid to her by catering Italians. She is still, he says, just an effervescent "lass from Lancashire."

BAD POLICY
Mal Eastling commenting on being hailed in America as another Garbo "There are at least half a dozen new Garbos around Hollywood. It is bad policy to be a number seven"... Mrs Cary Grant is writing a television series. But not for Gary. Marie Lamas predicts that he will be on the screen in person before the new Garbo... Lana Turner and Lex Barker have a notice on their lawn "Do Not Step On the Chlorophyll".
Van Johnson, seen in an opening of "The King and I", wore a brown dinner jacket, brilliant

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY



5 SHOWS TO-MORROW
Extra Performance At 11.30 a.m.

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY

Owing to length of picture please note change of times:

AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



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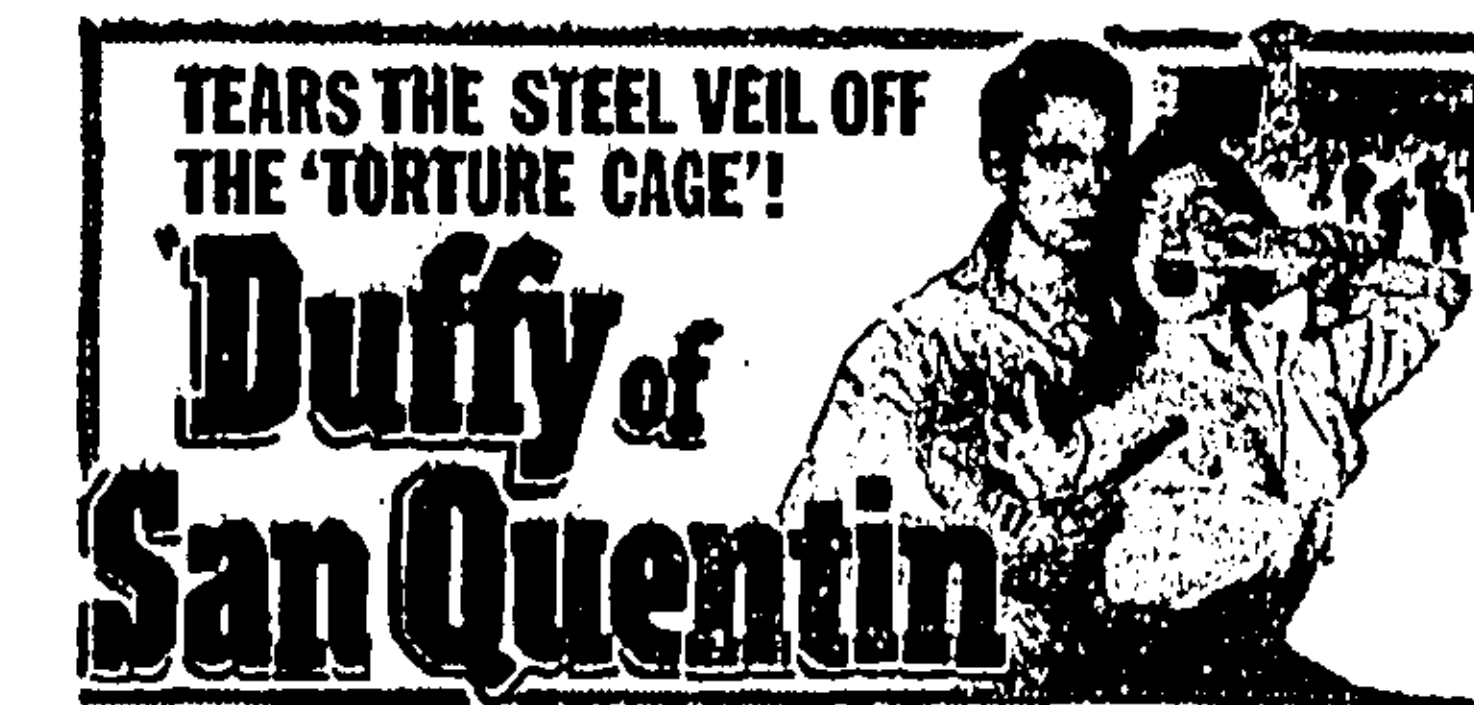
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French Gourmets Are Fussy When It Comes To Restaurants

Paris.

Ask one French gourmet which is the finest restaurant in Paris and he'll tell you. Ask two, and you have a fight on your hands.

The French show admirable sang-froid (cold-blood) in discussing their merry-go-round governments, inflation, or the Indo-China war, but when it comes to food—the best food in Paris—voices and tempers rise.

"Mais Voilà," they state politely, "This is a question of great interest."

Artie Shaw Is Happy

Las Vegas.

Artie Shaw, one of the biggest band-leaders of all time, is playing in a swank hotel here, but not for the usual fortune as a headliner in the main dining room.

Shaw is happily tooting his clarinet in the bar of the Sahara Hotel, for kicks, he explained, instead of for money.

"I'd make more with a big band, but I'm happier this way," he said.

"Instead of playing for a dance crowd of 400 we play for a small crowd that ostensibly comes in here to spend \$5,000 a week for us five in the combo—and at least I'm playing what I want and the way I want to. The crowd here doesn't ask for dance music. Otherwise, I'd be doing 'Begin the Beguine' all night."

"Nobody bothers me," added the intellectual clarinetist, never known as an audience-lover. "There's a pit between me and the people."

The sight of Shaw and his "Gramercy Five" beating it out behind the bartenders has become one of the wonders of this bustling gambling community. Some nights business is so brisk you need reservations to get into the bar.

PLAYS UNTIL 5:30 A.M.
He plays long after the main show with Ray Bolger closes in the dining room. Often until 5:30 a.m.

Being an old-fashioned "square" who remembers Shaw's big band of the '30's, I listened to him until the birds chirped. He plays relaxed and easy now, apparently happier after a four-year retirement during which he wrote a self-analytical book about his music and seven marriages.

Between numbers Shaw talked rapidly about his theory that big bands are dead.

"I don't see anything to mourn about," he shrugged. "People like new things. We used to play happy, extrovert; now it's moody. My music used to be limited to dancers. I hated it. If people want dance music let them have Guy Lombardo. He's adequate. One type of music appeals to the head, the other to the feet."

"Big bands are gone. Glenn Miller wouldn't be big any more if he were alive. All this fame for Miller," he said, and shook his head.—United Press.

Before you know it, there's a barrage of favourite French delicacies filling the air: "Coq au Vin" (rooster cooked in thick red wine sauce), "mousse de Truie" (especially prepared chicken), "timbale de langouste" (lobster in sauce which often contains Scotch or Irish whiskey).

And, of course, the great wines of Burgundy and Bordeaux are mentioned. "Des chaus vignes de Bourgogne" and "Bordeaux premier cru."

Most French gourmets will agree there are five restaurants in Paris of "premier ordre"—which means the food generally is worth the price.

They are the Cafe De Paris, the Tour D'Argent, Maxim's, the Grand Vefour and Laperouse.

If pressed, gourmets will eliminate three of these.

TOO LITTLE, TOO MUCH

The Cafe De Paris, has too little atmosphere.

It is excellent, marvelous, they say, as to food and service. But it lacks "ambiance" (atmosphere).

The Tour D'Argent, on the other hand, has too much atmosphere. It is "touristique," the French man says.

"How can one really savour a delicate sauce when confronted with the loveliest view in Paris, the flood-lit flying buttresses of Notre Dame and the slow-flowing river Seine... impossible!"

As for Maxim's, well, one doesn't go to Maxim's to eat. One goes to see the Hunt Monde of Paris, the leading diplomats and film stars, the crowned and uncrowned heads, the wealthy visitors in \$600 Paris gowns.

But to eat, the French gourmets say, one must be able to concentrate on one's food.

And that can be done at Laperouse and the Grand Vefour, according to the customary experts.

Laperouse, with its dark brown-stained wood facade and beautiful wrought-iron balconies, on the left bank of the Seine, overlooking the picturesque Ile De La Cite, the island in the Seine which holds Notre Dame cathedral.

The dining room, painted in antique "lilac" green is situated one flight up from the street. Bevelled mirrors and thick rugs create an atmosphere of luxury and ease. The setting like the food, is perfect.

FITS THE ROLE

Even the wine steward fits the role. Clad in the traditional blue apron, his ready black eyes peer at the customer over a red veined nose and a small black "bitter" mustache.

The concourseur he elaborates in loving detail the wealth of the Laperouse cellar—one of the finest in all of France. There is no "less-than-excellent" dish served at Laperouse, which has held a three-star rating ever since the system started. But if pressed, the head waiter will recommend the "Gratin De

Langouste" to start with, chunks of delicate lobster meat cooked in a cream and mushroom sauce through which the real gourmet can discern the slight flavour of a fine cognac.

Another Laperouse favourite is the "Rogan Jons Mieux" (kidneys in butter) which actually lives up to its name.

Basted and browned, the kidneys are cooked in a white wine sauce, the specialty of chef Charles Delorme, imaginative czar of the kitchen, price for two 7,000 francs (\$20).

Rated on the same scale as the Laperouse is the Grand Vefour, one of the oldest and best loved Parisian restaurants.

Founded in 1780, the windows of the Grand Vefour look out on the green gardens of the Palais Royale, where lovers stroll and fountains play as they did two centuries ago.

With its recessed mirrors, mouldings and frescoes, and dim lighting, the Grand Vefour looks today much as it must have looked when Balzac and his literary coterie first made it famous.

ROAST PIGEON

Roast pigeon has never really been enjoyed until it is eaten at the Grand Vefour to the accompaniment of a rich bodied Burgundy, a Valnay 1947 or a Pommard 1934. The "pigeon Prince Raynier"—named after the Prince of Monaco—is completely boned, stuffed with foie gras and then put back together again and served with a wine sauce.

A charming vintage "Sommelier" (Wine Steward) takes capable charge of the hesitant tourist and has the rare knack or making each guest feel that he's the only person of importance in the room.

Price: About 6,500 francs (\$18.50).

While the French gourmet reluctantly agrees that the choice of "best" in Paris lies between the Grand Vefour and the Laperouse, with the Tour D'Argent, Cafe De Paris and Maxim's as third, fourth and fifth, they will all without hesitation, call the best restaurant of all France is "Les Pyramides" at Vienna, South of Lyons.

If the other restaurants rate three stars in the guide Michelin, the Gourmet's bible, one will said "Les Pyramides" should get five stars and its chef, baggy-skinned Ferdinand Point, a Marshal's baton.

But that's another delicious story.—United Press.

Djakarta's Latest Road Hazards

Djakarta.

A milestone in public transportation was passed in Djakarta recently when gas-powered betjaks (tricycles) made their appearance on the streets.

To the sentimental they meant the passing of an era, to the modern-minded progress, but to most residents of this crowded just another traffic hazard to be endured.

Thousands of betjaks roam Djakarta streets by day and night. Sweating men and boys pedal determinedly, pushing in front of them on a wide seat loads ranging from five persons to huge cakes of ice.

Podestrians always complained the gaily-decorated tricycles were hard to dodge. Now a few of them are harder. Their resourceful owners at latched them into motor bikes.

Most residents think the only good thing about these machines is that there are so few of them.

But in the transportation field, it's the motor scooter that is fast running away with the race.

More and more of the squat little scooters show up each day. There are more power driven bicycles and motor-cycles than scooters, but the latter are by far the most popular.

You have to wait six to nine months to buy one because of the shortage. But you can get one immediately if you pay the black market price.—United Press.

She Brought Her Balloon Ashore



Two small girls, one carrying a balloon, disembarked with the Russian Embassy party—recalled from Canberra after the Soviet broke off diplomatic relations with Australia—from the liner New Australia at Southampton last week. This picture shows members of the party going ashore.—Reuterphoto.

Plane Becomes A Voice In The Wilderness

Toronto.

A voice in the wilderness—that's what they call a sleek, yellow aircraft with the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests insignia stamped on it.

Next time you read about someone being found in the rugged bush of Northern Ontario, it's almost certain that a Government Beaver aircraft took part in the search.

The Department of Lands and Forests has 35 of the pontoon-equipped, six-passenger craft spotted strategically throughout the province, and now the Department has given the Beaver a voice.

Twenty of the 35 aircraft have been equipped with a "ground hailer" system. It is a public address system rigged to the underside of the aircraft with a microphone attached next to the pilot's bucket seat.

During the past two summers hunters who were lost in the vicinity of Kapuskasing, Sault Ste. Marie, Parry Sound and Kenora all were rescued by use of the "ground hailer."

A Department pilot flew overhead and in some cases directed them to an open spot where they could be seen from the air while in other cases they were told how to get out of the bush and back to civilisation.

NEVER FOUND

Beaver aircraft took part in the search for national hockey league player Bill Barliko two years ago after he was reported missing on a fishing trip with Dr. Henry Hudson. They were never found but it wasn't through any lack of effort on the part of the Department.

It had been reported that Hudson's aircraft came down in the bush in the vicinity of James Bay, and for a month the Department diligently searched the monotonously similar terrain for a trace of the couple.

"When we finally gave up the search," Chief Pilot Charlie Le Fournier said, "it was only because we knew it was hopeless to continue."

Since the Barliko incident the Department has tried to persuade sportsmen to stay south of Hudson Bay to do their hunting and fishing. They pointed out that in most cases the fishing is just as good farther south and the chances of being found alive if lost are much better.—United Press.

Mrs Moss's Technique

Sydney.

The champion charity button-seller of Sydney recommends a "crazy hat" as the best "come on" for street sales.

Mrs Alice Moss has sold poppies and "tin hats" for the Returned Servicemen's League, collected for the Red Cross, sold buttons for Legacy fund for war orphans, and is rated a champion by them all.

"You can't sell buttons by just standing there with a tray, handing round your neck," jolly five-foot Mrs Moss says.

She starts off by adding a big showy rose, or a nodding feather to her hat.

Then she watches passers-by for familiar faces, greeting celebrities and others by name if possible.

"Have you bought a button, sir? I always ask with a bright smile, and if I know their names it works wonders," Mrs Moss says.

"If I can add, 'How are you, Mr. . . . ? Please help the kiddies whose daddies didn't come back' they are well and truly sunk and I collect handsomely."

Mrs Moss says she can tell by people's mouths whether they are likely to buy a poppy or button. She finds visitors are always good prospects, perhaps glad of the cheery greeting she gives them. Men are as easy to sell as women.

"Don't think because I'm not young and glamorous it is a handicap. I've often gone out with lovely models, and they stand around and sell only a few, while I go up to people and sell my buttons like hot cakes."—United Press.

A New Weapon For International Understanding

Ottawa.

A new weapon for international understanding is being forged in the schools of Ottawa.

The weapon takes the form of exhibits which graphically show how boys and girls in other lands live, play, work, learn, eat and so on.

It was the brain child of a far sighted group of adults, banded together for constructive action under the name of the Ottawa Citizen's Committee on Children. These men and women first got together about seven years ago with an idea they could do things for children that schools and other organisations were not doing.

Everything they've started has been greeted with enthusiasm. First they conducted outdoor art classes for children. Then they staged plays in hospitals.

One project led to another until from the committee evolved an offshoot. It was called the Children of Other Lands' Section and is responsible for travelling exhibits shown to thousands of school-children in the intermediate grades.

The section at present is headed by Mrs D. M. Coolican, who, like her colleagues, impresses one as a person dedicated to a vision, and the vision?

"Well," Mrs Coolican told the United Press, "we believe that not nearly enough information is given to Canadian children about the children of other lands before their minds become cluttered and distorted with the bias and preconceived prejudices of so many of the adults with whom they come in contact."

How's the scheme working out? Never have children shown so much genuine enthusiasm for a classroom subject. Not only that, Mrs Coolican said, the exhibits also "have changed completely the children's attitude towards immigrants" and the boys and girls in foreign nations.

LATEST EXHIBIT
The latest exhibit to make the rounds of the schools happened to be about Pakistan. Its highlight was a display of 25 dolls, made by children in Pakistan and then dressed in the varied traditional and modern garb of the country. The clothes, too, were made by Pakistani children.

When the exhibit made its introductory appearance at a school, it was accompanied by a member of the Pakistan High Commissioner's staff here. His job was to give a short talk, then answer the inevitable barrage of questions from the curious Canadian children.

The exhibit was shown at the intermediate public schools, the intermediate separate schools and the French-Canadian separate schools. Like other exhibits, it was an integral part of the social studies curriculum of each class and served as the springboard from which a detailed study of the relevant country was launched.

Mrs Coolican and her hard working colleagues, with the blessing of parents, teachers and school boards, also used entertaining but instructive playlets to enlighten Ottawa children, to bring them the message that "foreigners" are not so different after all.

The playlets, with children cast in the principal roles, answer in easily-remembered fashion the questions a child from one country would be most apt to ask a boy or a girl from another.—United Press.

LATEST IRON CURTAIN JOKE

London.

A new joke behind the Iron Curtain is making the rounds. It goes like this:

First Russian: "What do you think of Malenkov?"

Second Russian: "Follow me and I'll tell you." He leads the man into a room and locks the door, then into another room, locking the door behind, and then down into a cellar, and into a vault, locking it behind. Finally he whispers: "I like him."—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Mum and Dad! Get ready to buy me a new football. Eddie can borrow his uncle's chicken truck for the prom!"



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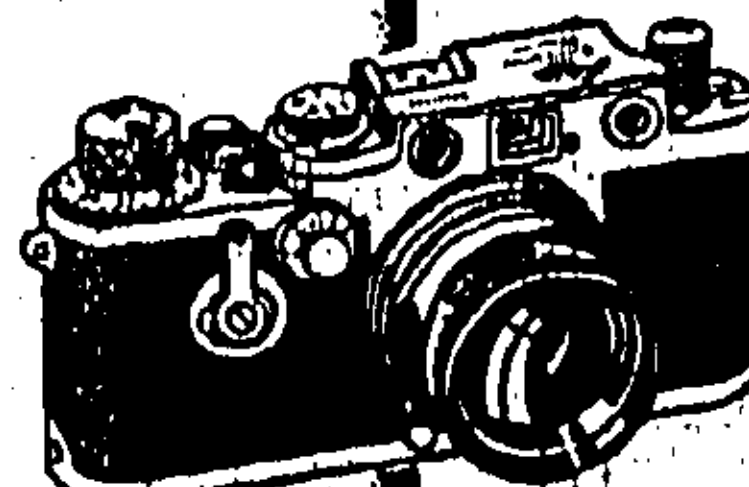
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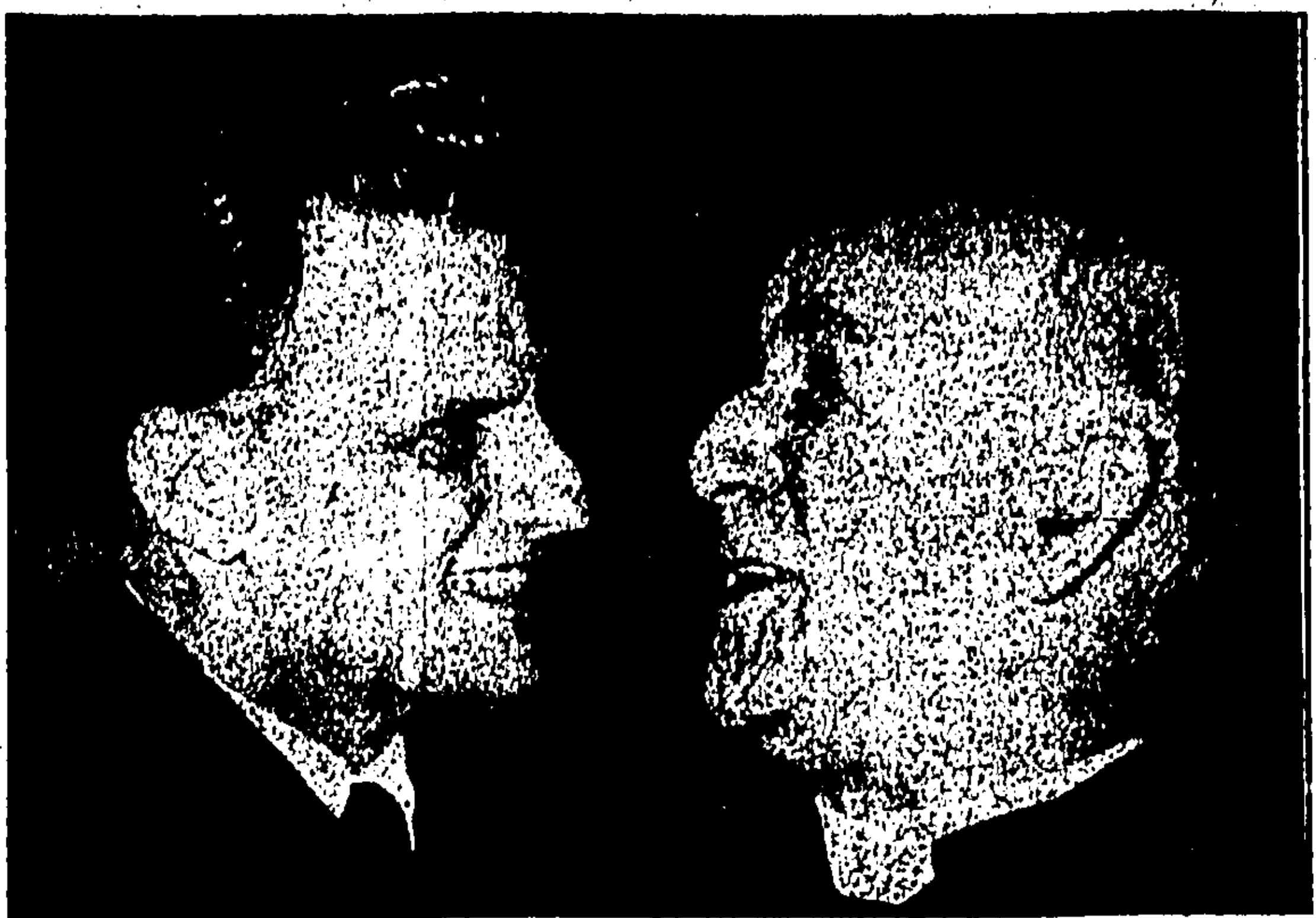


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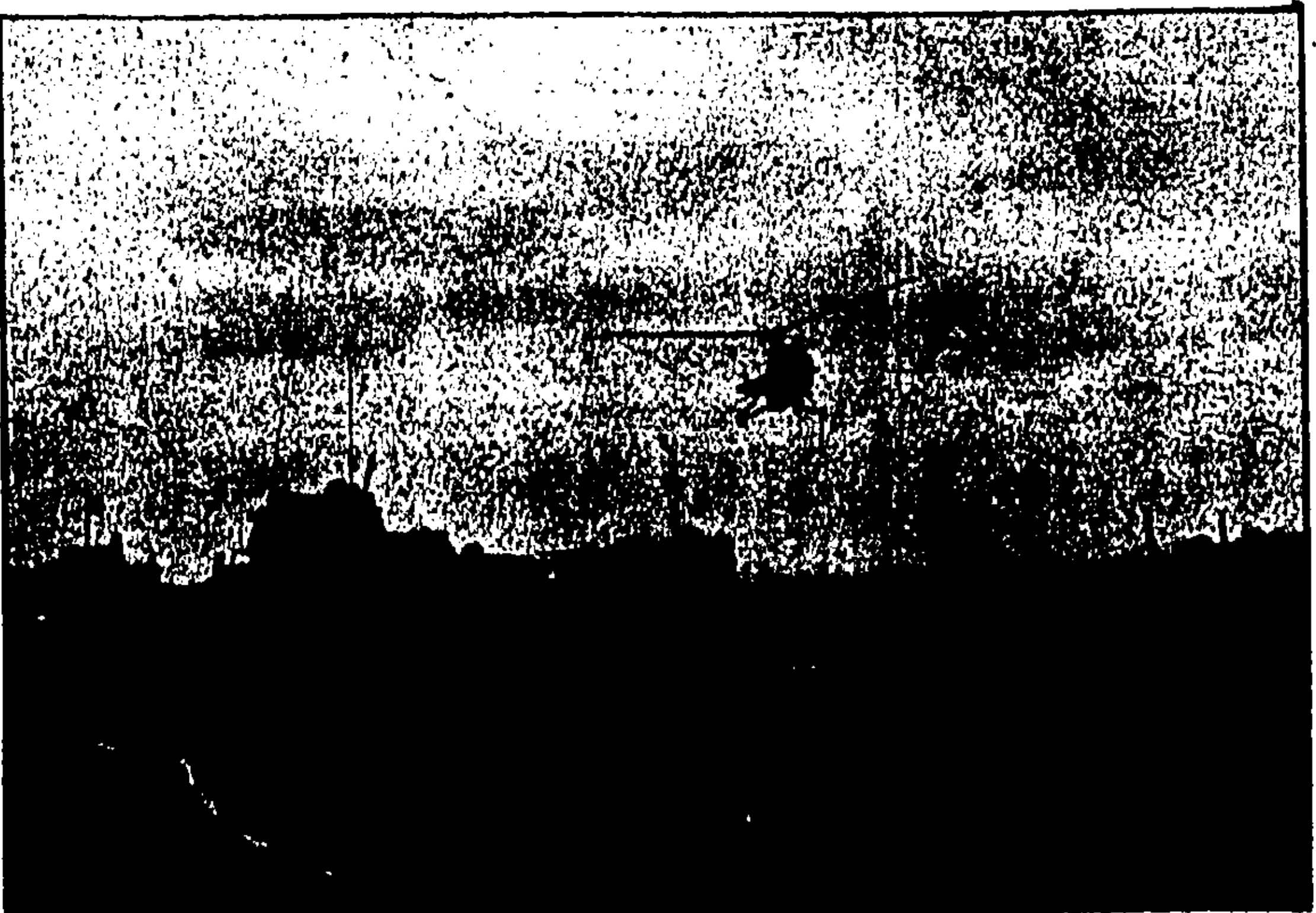
A huge crowd of 120,000 packed Wembley's vast Empire Stadium to hear Billy Graham, the American Evangelist, speak at the final meeting of his "Greater London Crusade." Billy Graham (left) is here seen with the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Geoffrey Fisher. (Express)



THE wedding at Kensington Register Office of a Chinese couple from Malaya. The bride is Miss Noeline Cera Khoo, a barrister, who is 25. Her bridegroom is law student Mr Vincent Tatt Kwong Yoong, also aged 25. (Express)



THE 28-year-old Mexican toreador, Jorge Gonzalez, and his 24-year-old bride, Marie Terese, have arrived in London to spend their honeymoon. Gonzalez is acclaimed the greatest toreador in Mexico. He will not fight bulls during his honeymoon, but will look at them in Spain. (Express)



EXERCISE Runaground V at Eastney, Hants. It was an amphibious demonstration by Combined Services of the technique of beachhead assault. Tanks are seen going ashore, with the "beach master" overhead in a helicopter.

• HOMESIDE PICTORIAL •



COMMISSIONER Wilfred Kitching, aged 61, who will be the new head of the Salvation Army when General Albert Osborn retires on June 30. Commissioner Kitching was born at Wood Green.



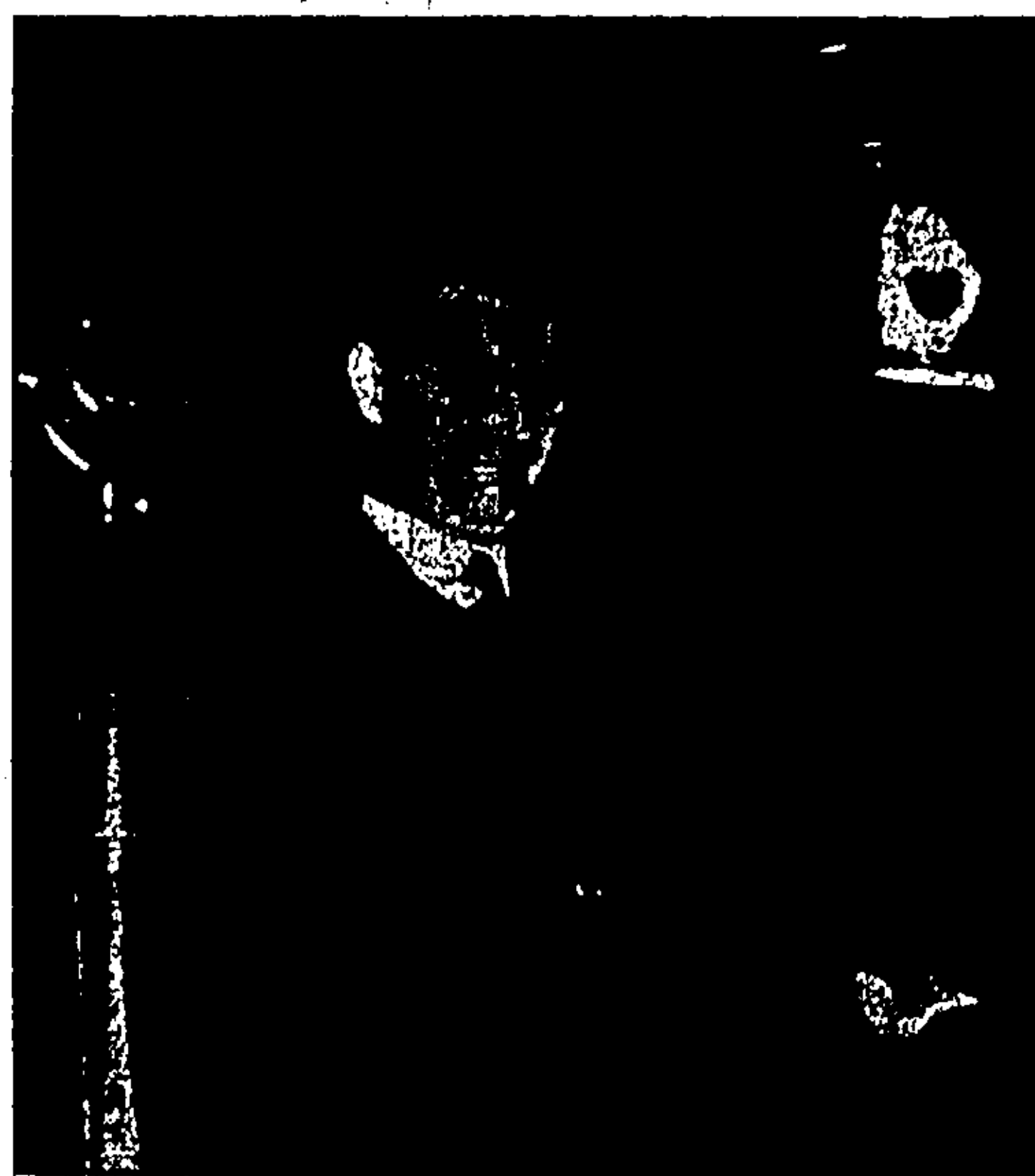
MRS ALDRICH, wife of the U.S. Ambassador to London, unveiled the bust of General Eisenhower presented to the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, by Mr George Sands, a New York businessman. The U.S. Ambassador and Field Marshal Sir John Harding, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, look it over after the ceremony.



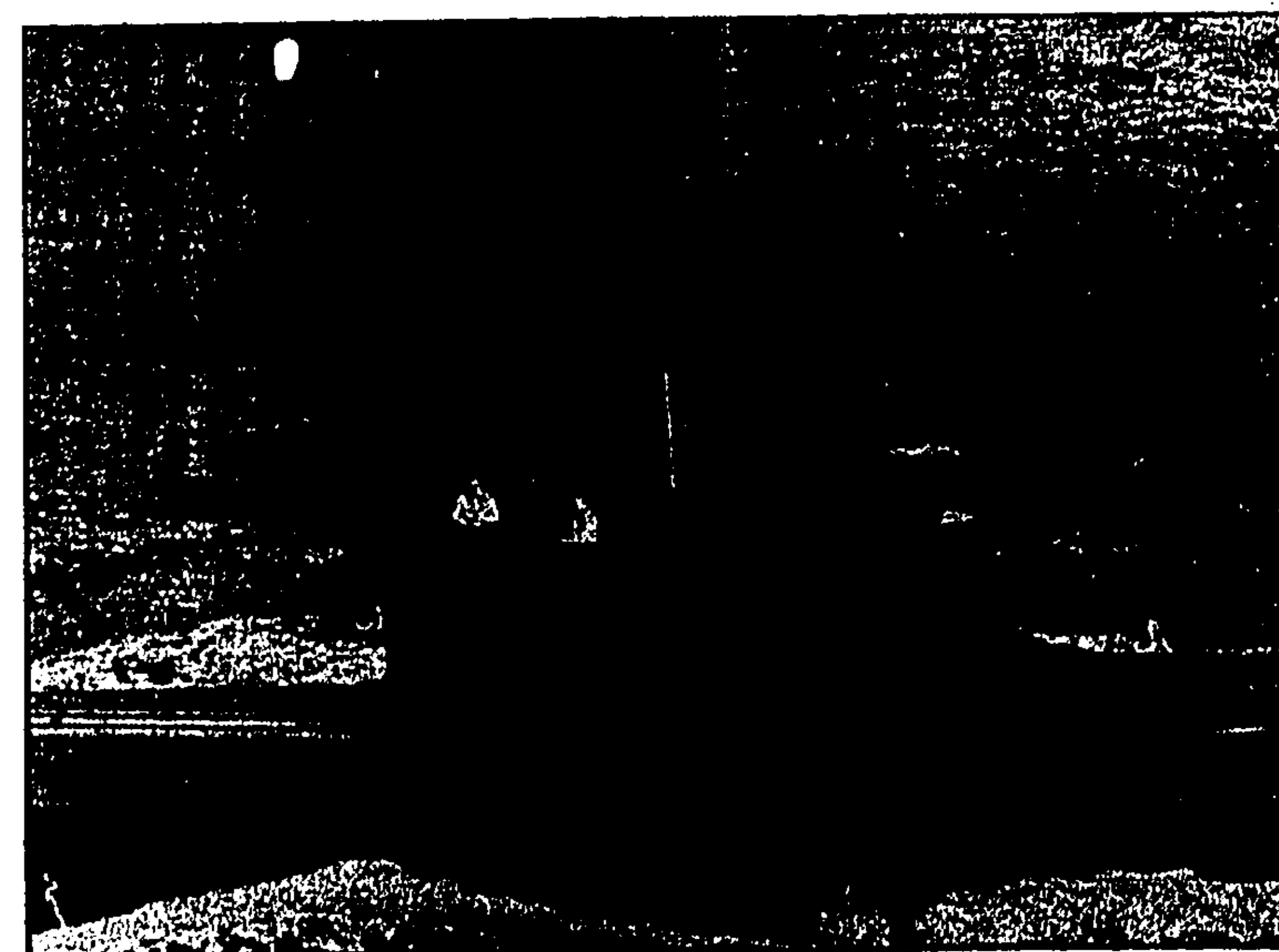
THE King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, in full dress uniform, rehearsing their famous "Drive" in London's Regent's Park, in preparation for the Royal Tournament. One of the gun carriages thundering past.



PICTURED at the Green Jacket Depot, Winchester, are the two Gurkha officers whom the Queen has appointed as her Orderly Officers for official occasions during the year. Their first public engagement will be at the Trooping the Colour ceremony. (Express)



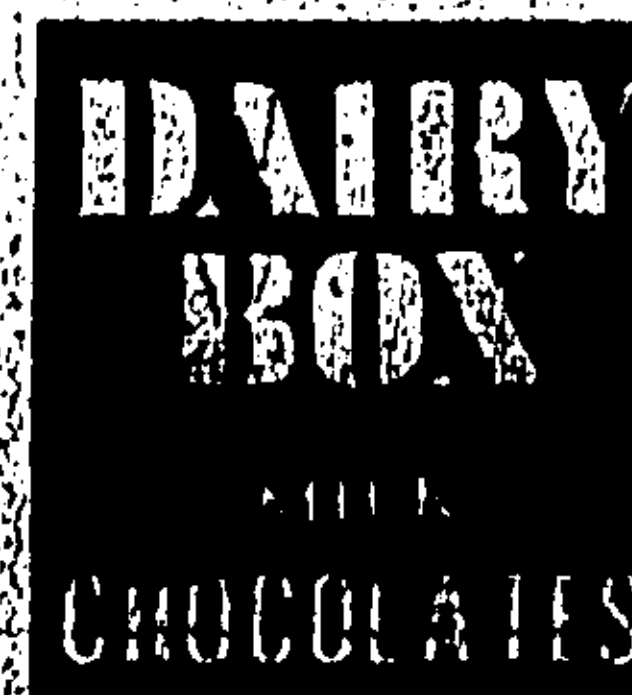
LORD DERBY ringing the 100-year-old hand bell that signalled the reopening of the Liverpool cotton futures market after a lapse of 13 years. This was the last important market to be restored to private hands since the present British Government reversed the Socialist policy of bulk purchasing. (Express)



THE submarine Scorchier, which during an exercise eluded two searching frigates so well in the English Channel that she caused an alarm for her safety. Fourteen warships, including the battleship Vanguard, were detailed to look for her. Some of the crew smiling in the conning tower after she surfaced. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



THE JOSTLING MATCH

By LES ARMOUR

London. THERE is always somebody worrying about us Londoners.

Now a lady doctor is fretting over "the extremely dangerous practice of overcrowding tube trains during the rush hours."

This has been going on for a long time (whether she knows it or not) but she feels that it is "getting worse and worse."

Her alarm, as Alice would have said, "gets curlier and curlier" as the protest goes on. It is not the horrible possibility of getting knocked over and cracking one's skull on the concrete that bothers her.

She is disturbed by the "great strain, both physical and psychological" which results from "stops, starts, lurches, and people being thrown against one another."

Little does she know.

Not Londoners

It is true that, at Epping, or Ealing or Morden you can see the lump, raglike, weakling being swept disdainfully out by the guard who is preparing the train for its return journey.

But these are not Londoners proper. They are the newcomers, the lost, and the bewildered.

The true Londoner is adept with the elbow. He knows just when a head can be crunched most profitably on an offending toes.

He knows just how much pressure it takes to dislodge an ill-prepared visitor from a desired spot near the doorway of an approaching carriage.

A fiendish lurch upsets him not at all. He has been preparing for it. At just the right moment, he will be pitched, looking helpless, into the arms of the nearest pretty girl.

Nor is the young lady thereby given a horrible psychological complex. She knows that this is the special prerogative of the pretty girl in London. She would not lightly trade her place in a crowded London tube for an empty seat in a country bus.

And there is something delightfully sporting about it all. The joys of a rugged scrum are pale beside the intensity of a tube scuffle.

There Are Rules

Contrary to the doctor's information, there are rules. Not written rules, of course. The French have signs in the Metro telling you just how to weigh the right of an expectant mother against those of an invalid pensioner. But the English have never liked written rules.

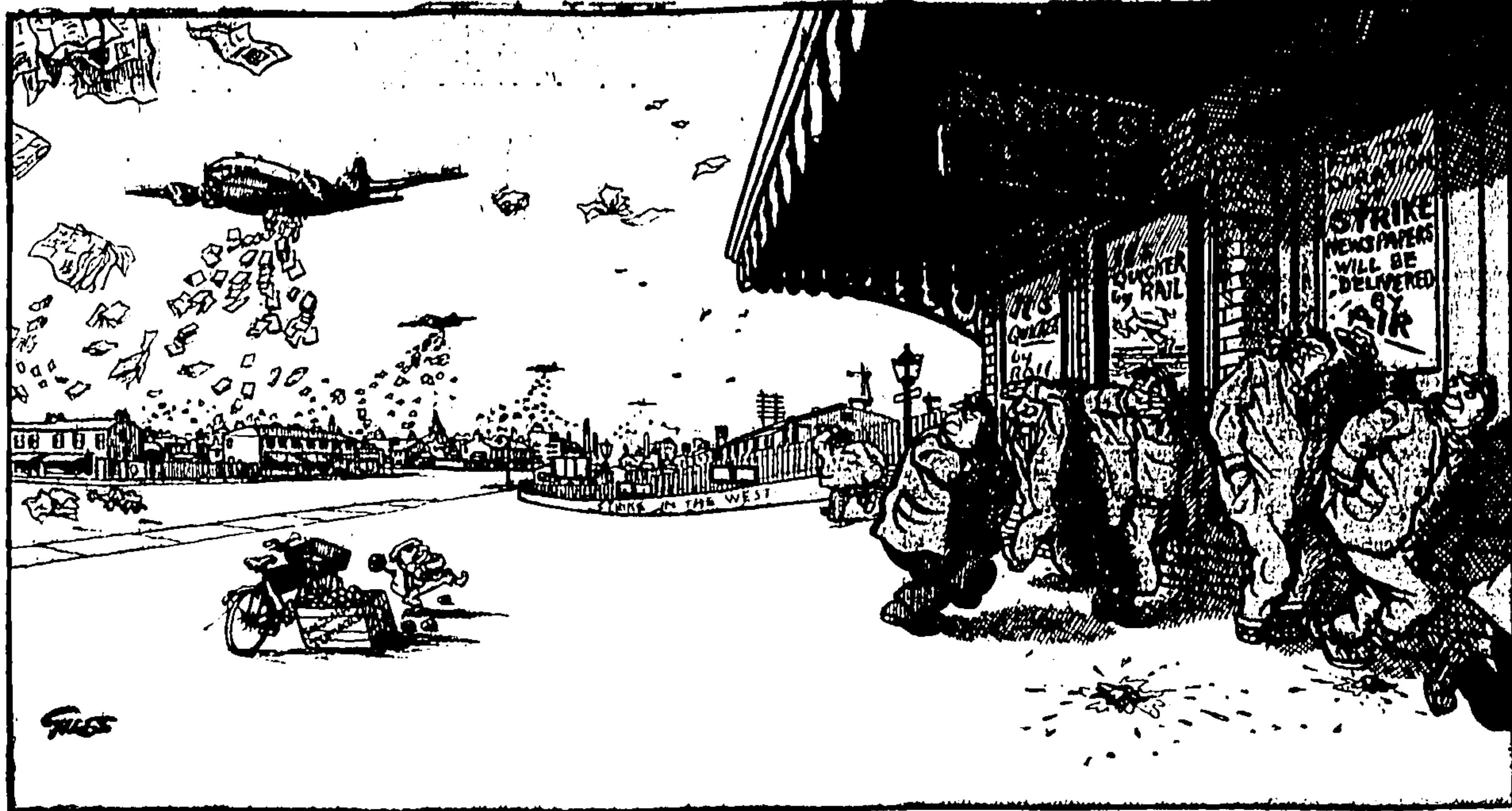
Those of the tube are subtle. First of all, no one must be killed. Dead passengers slow down the service. Nor should anyone be seriously injured. That would spoil the game.

Old ladies may be elbowed, but never kneed. It is not fair to cram a civil servant's bowler hat down over his eyes. Young ladies must not be tripped unless you are ready to catch them.

That kind of thing.

But it is all a lot of fun. The doctor should try it sometime.

POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



"You and your flipping rail strike—lost me me newspaper round—that's what you've done." London Express Service

The Russians gave RENE MacCOLL a visa—and now he's in Moscow

A CAVIAR PICNIC IS SOMETHING NEW

For the Russian people, life is still a matter of LIVING. So finds MacCOLL, one of the most travelled reporters in the world. This trip to Russia is one of his most exciting assignments, and he will be reporting what he sees in the inimitable MacColl manner.

MOSCOW. I'M beginning—but only just beginning—to get a little used to life here in Moscow.

A girl in the Intourist Office said to me when I inquired after a French colleague, "Oh, he left to-morrow."

Which about sums things up for an unusual week in which I have ONE, eaten caviar on a roadside picnic; TWO, watched strong men — such strong men — tackling five different cocktails simultaneously in Moscow's Koktel Hall — drinking them through straws, what's more; THREE, visited at Zagorsk, 50 miles north of Moscow, the most stunningly beautiful cluster of churches and monasteries I've ever seen; FOUR, knocked back a beer in the Kremlin, and FIVE, found myself tip-toeing through the tomb of Lenin and Stalin in the company of Mr Abe Moffat, heading a delegation from the Scottish Coal Miners' Union on its way to Peking.

Fantasy.

The main streets are hugely wide and kept in trim by a small army of women sweepers, wearing felt spats. There are lots of cars, nearly all of them Russian made, and as a result traffic jams are growing in Moscow.

There are characters who look as though they had obligingly stepped out of a Chekhov play just three minutes ago — fur hats, high boots, and belted, long-skirted, quilted coats.

Vodka Breakfast

YOU can have vodka for breakfast, if that is your fancy, and it seems to be the fancy of some. The university is in a skyscraper, and if there's any piece of equipment it lacks, I don't know what it could be.

Fountains play inside the main department store, and there are mosaics and candelabra in the tube stations (it's like having a rush hour in the National Gallery).

Unlike Britain and America, servants are still plentiful in Russia (the majority of the women standing in a long queue to buy fruit for Easter—next Sunday here—were servants out shopping for their mistresses, I was told).

This next biggest queue in the shop was all-male—for ladies. Most of the men in it sported flat, black shoes.

I always thought the Mexicans were the world's most audacious drivers, but compared with the Russians they are sofies.

The thing is that it is only in the last three years that the cars — the big Zims that look like giant Packards, the Zims that resemble modern Buicks, the victory cars which could be

Vanguards, and the baby jobs which are on nodding terms with Opels—have begun coming off the assembly lines in quantity (maybe 100,000 a year now).

So Moscow hasn't really had time to get traffic wise. But somehow nobody seems to get hit.

Russians love plush and marble and oil paintings. Also ferns in pots, and big florid designs. I dined last night at the Sovetskaya Hotel, Moscow's newest, and reserved for the really important visitors like Abe Moffat and the coal-miners.

The furnishings alone must represent a great deal of money on the hoof. Green marble pillars. Cream marble staircases. Red marble wainscoting.

Birds Alive

THE paintings were done so realistically that the dead birds in the still lifes looked alive. In the dining-room the band played loud, clear, and on the beat, and there was dancing among the crowded tables.

Money seems plentiful, and the restaurants do a land office business. Young men in none-too-well-fitting suits, and who don't look affluent, turn up at the best hotels and proceed to order meals for themselves and their girls that would make your eyes pop.

Housing is still a tough problem, as the authorities know well. They are doing all they can to catch up, and as a result you are apt to see a modified skyscraper, destined when completed to contain workers' flats, rearing up in the midst of wooden chalets, all with decorated windows and carved cornices.

But about this Zagorsk trip. I motored out there last Sunday. The road was exactly a curate's egg, which started with the best intentions, but didn't keep it up.

Fat Domes

THE sun shone down on the tarmac and birch and spruce woods through which we passed, and on the hamlets where the chalets stood in rows behind plots of dusty ground.

Suddenly you come over the crest of a hill, and there it is—a complex of 11 separate churches, a cathedral, and a monastery, so completely beautiful and gay that you feel you want to wave, or cheer, or something.

The great fat domes of one are a brilliant blue with golden stars upon them and a gold cross topping it off.

Near by is a little roccoco building, a sort of cross between

a junior lighthouse and a gazebo, with blue and white twisted pillars, that looked as if it had been designed by prankish angels. They keep the holy water in there.

The cathedral has a huge green roof and its sides are painted in lozenges of gold and chocolate, "eye foolers," as the French call them.

It has fat, lazy pillars with painted flowers spiralling round them.

Up in the high tower of another church some syncope bell-ringing is going on. It is all done by one man, who operates the bass bell with his foot and cuts loose with both hands on two lesser bells. Gene Krupa would have been interested.

The place was awash with people, some of whom had come immense distances, for Zagorsk is a legendary holy spot.

The majority were peasants, the women carrying little bunches of willow catkins.

Faces Lit

INSIDE the church a richly bearded priest wearing a high green hat and a gold and green vestment was addressing an eager congregation of more than a thousand, who pressed forward, hanging on his every word.

Afterwards they thronged up for Communion, while a choir of black-robed, bearded youths sang out and the ikons and precious metals on the walls glowed and glittered in the candlelight.

Old women prostrated themselves before crop-hung offices of the Saviour, their seamed and time-worn faces lighting up as they did so.

Out again into the sunshine, and an English voice saying: "This will make a good camp old man." Turns out to be one of a British party representing the International Students' Union.

The bellringer is really in the groove now, with some very fancy stuff. Surely that's Uncle Vanya over there, coming towards us? Him, or his twin.

Time to drive up the road now and have our caviar sandwiches in the fields.

The Kremlin

I RECEIVED an invitation to the Kremlin. I accepted. The occasion was a meeting of the Supreme Soviet, elected only last month for a four-year term.

From all over the vast Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, some 1,200 members of Parliament have been travelling; some

of them for nearly 2,000 miles, and the Kremlin is where they meet.

It was a lovely hot spring day here in Moscow, and the Kremlin was looking a good deal prettier than a picture. I don't know what sort of mental notion you have formed of it, but it is one of the most fascinating architectural grab bags I have ever clapped eyes on.

It extends over a good many acres and includes churches with those large fat domes like up-ended Cape gooseberries, museums, palaces, houses, and administrative offices.

Pink Wall

ALL around it runs a high crenellated brick wall, which has gone exactly the right shade of pink with the years. (A good many years, too. The wall was built in the 15th century.)

At intervals steeples — like towers punctuate the wall, and inside there are saffron-coloured palaces in one of which the Czars used to be crowned.

Shrink the whole proposition, put it on the nursery floor, and the children would play with it for hours.

Three uniformed security police, immensely smart and well turned out in grey with red shoulder tabs, converged on the turnstile through which I would pass. They saluted with marked politeness, took my documents, made a swift phone call to someone somewhere, and waved me on.

You know, inside the Kremlin is lovely. It is a sort of cross between Hampton Court and a 17th century French chateau. It was very quiet in there in the sunshine.

Short Ride

MY credentials were checked four times and I left my hat in the cloakroom and then had a short lift ride.

And now, here we are in the Parliament House. It used to be the Grand Palace of the Czars, but in the 1930's the interior was made over. It is a huge room with a white-painted, concave roof.

Behind the Speaker's dais is a statue of Lenin. On the vast floor are rows of polished wooden desks for the M.P.s, who seem to be on the whole a middle-aged lot. Many a bald pate glinted under the lights. There was a sprinkling of women M.P.s. Blue suits were favoured by the men.

There are two Houses of the Supreme Soviet, and one sat first on Tuesday afternoon—the Council of Union.

A member of the Moscow Regional Executive Council had

just been elected President and he was keeping things going at a commendably fast clip.

Most glances are focussed not on the President of the Assembly but on the men behind him. There, sitting in a row, with Malenkov in the middle, are the men who matter—those whom the world calls the Men in the Kremlin, although, as it happens, they rarely work here any more.

Malenkov is in high spirits. He smiles. He cracks a joke. He beams approvingly on all. His is a picture of round benevolence.

So far as Malenkov is concerned, all is well with the world, and this new Parliament clearly looks pretty good. Molotov is sitting on Malenkov's left. It is the Molotov we all know so well. He speaks to Marshal Voroshilov sitting on his own left.

On Malenkov's right sits Krushchev, and with him Malenkov conducts an animated conversation. On Krushchev's right is Kaganovich.

All of them wear sober lounge suits except Malenkov, who is in what is known as "a party tunic"—the classic grey Russian tunic of the kind worn by the party old-timers.

And Out!

NEAR these front-row men are such notables as Shchervak, Suslov, Mikhalov and Bulganin.

The sessions last only an hour. The agenda is adopted, procedural matters are settled. It all seems most businesslike. No one murmurs. Everyone speaks up, their voices rattling against the double windows in brief speeches.

We drift out of the Chamber and into the diplomatic bar hung with massive oil paintings. Here there are beer and oranges, and unaccountably, a weighing machine.

And so downstairs, to the society who is holding a rifle and fixed bayonet with one hand and manipulating the Kremlin traffic lights with the other. He turns them green—and out we go.

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MAIL ORDERS

You might as well try to tame a cougar*

LORD BEAVERBROOK was 75 last week.

To the staff of the Daily Express, London, of which he is the controlling shareholder, he is "The Old Man." To the world outside he is the controversial figure in public life who has devoted himself to the cause of the British Empire.

In his campaigns, crusades, and controversies he has countless enemies and many friends.

In this birthday article, A. J. CUMMINGS, the distinguished political editor of the News Chronicle, discusses with the detachment of a Liberal commentator the personality of Lord Beaverbrook.

by A. J. CUMMINGS

ON Lord Beaverbrook's seventieth birthday a goodly company of journalists gathered at the Savoy Hotel to do him honour. On that occasion, I well remember, he said all men should bear in mind that every year after 70 is a bonus from the Almighty.

May 25 was his 75th birthday. His countless friends in all walks of life rejoice to know that the Almighty's bounty continues and that one of the most remarkable and fascinating figures in the British Empire is with us as vitally on the spot as ever.

For Beaverbrook, besides being a long-standing personal friend, is a cunning and inflexible political opponent with whom one has crossed swords again and again.

He is a workaholic, almost capriciously good-natured in the sharpest encounters. He is a man who makes the proper riposte and he doesn't bear malice, which gives him an unfair advantage.

Let me say at once, without any beating about the bush, that I have always intensely disliked and distrusted many of Beaverbrook's policies, and shall continue on appropriate occasions to attack them in my own "Spotlight" column and elsewhere.

HIS million

THEY are slapdash, irresponsible, and in one important sense I regard them as harmful to the nation.

His relentless plan to insulate the trade of Britain has coloured and bedevilled much of his politics. It has enfeebled his very considerable influence in public affairs. I see no intelligible future in an imprisoned Beaverbrook world.

As a newspaper man myself, I think of him first as a great newspaper personality. He has dominated Fleet Street for as long as I can recall.

THE dream, as he dreamed it, has not come true. His fantasies have been a fantasy. World economies have played the deuce with the dream. The gorgeous map of Empire has shrunk. His Empire Wall has frightened off too many politicians in all parties.

He tried to stampede the Tories into what he termed Empire Free Trade. But Baldwin was too astute for him, and the party machine too powerful.

Yet it was a prominent Labour member of Parliament who said recently to me: "Beaverbrook has done more than any man in my time to make us aware of the vast possibilities of Empire development."

Beaverbrook is not content with that and is cynically distrustful of the vague imperialist perorations of party associates who hope to appease him with a phrase.

The Empire Crusader still crouches in a melancholy figure in thick blood-red chains, on the front page of the Daily Express, awaiting a fabulous deliverance.

I hope it is not breaking a confidence to say that one of the great sorrows of his life was

the loss of his devoted friendship with Rudyard Kipling, that rigid but picturesque Imperialist, who never forgave him for supporting the postwar agreement over Ireland—in Kipling's bitter view a gross betrayal of a sacred cause.

Those people who imagine that Beaverbrook is a "Jingo" Imperialist of the old school are utterly at fault.

He is a genuine and determined peace-monger. He hates Fascism in all its forms. He would have no truck with Mosley. He did not favour the Franco insurrection.

He looked upon Hitler as a dangerous upstart. But he thought, like so many other deluded wishful thinkers, that Chamberlain could bring off a cheap and peaceful bargain.

Communism he detests as a deadly evil. Yet he is consistently non-provocative to the Russians.

HIS courage

WHEN war came all his patriotic instincts were at once aroused. Churchill chose well when he made him Minister of Aircraft Production.

In the critical weeks after Dunkirk his restless energy was harnessed to one overriding purpose. He transformed scores of business minds into little dynamos. He did more, perhaps, than any other human being to enable "the few," among them his own gallant son, to win the Battle of Britain—by a hair's breadth.

But it was some time before they understood, or thought they understood, the real nature and the potency of this flying saucer from another world.

Penetrating Fleet Street, with its innumerable pitfalls, he was able by his financial and journalistic genius (with perhaps a modicum of good luck) to enrich himself enormously. Riches he certainly does not despise.

His original purpose, however, as it has ever indisputably been, was to use his growing newspaper influence in order to promote the Imperial greatness of Britain, the not ignoble dream of his life.

HIS fantasies

It was like a scene from Hollywood, but closer to reality.

Stalin trusted him because, later in the war, English tanks and guns were always on time.

I think he rather liked Stalin.

HIS friend

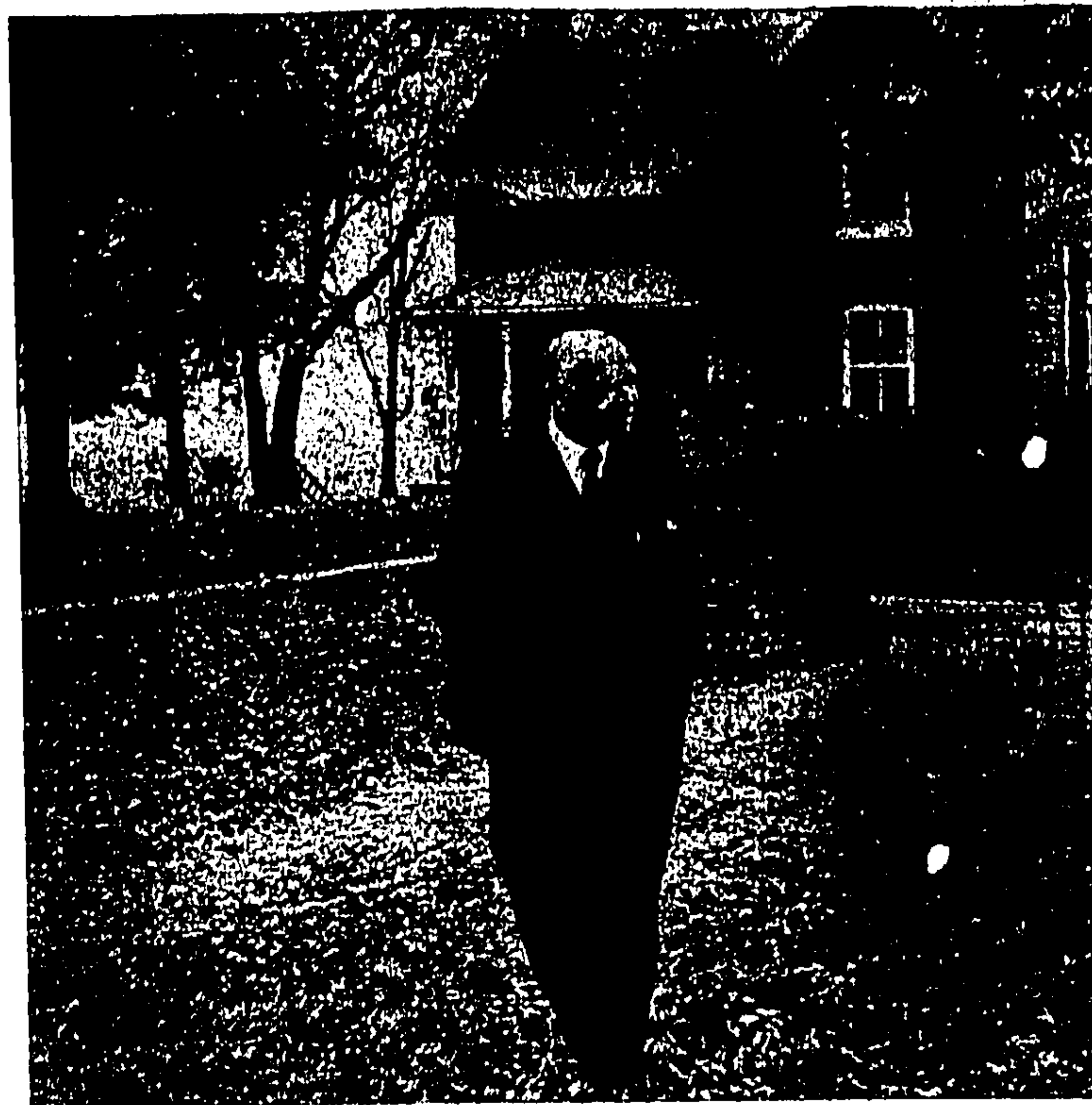
HE is, as everybody knows, an intimate friend of the Prime Minister. You may have noticed that his papers, though they often rebuke Churchill's Government, never directly attack Churchill himself.

What may happen between the two men when they meet in private is their affair. It is said that Churchill can always talk him down because the P.M. never listens.

A loyal and trusted adviser he was too of Bonar Law. His human loyalties, not only to V.I.P.s, are very real, very dependable, and most endearing.

A Tory? Yes, but what an astute and unpredictable one, not to be neatly fitted into any safe category. The Tories resent this. But they might as well try to tame a cougar.

He is a much better and bolder democrat than many people who are always spouting the democratic formula. He is often irritably impatient, in



This picture of Lord Beaverbrook was taken last autumn in front of the house at Maple, in the province of Ontario, Canada, where he was born.

too violent a hurry, too capricious, too apt often to fly off at a tangent.

Close as he was to the under-dogs himself as a boy, he has a warm feeling for under-dogs if they have guts.

He recognises instantly a social humbug when he meets one; as a self-made man he is instinctively antipathetic to a now swiftly vanishing British aristocracy, though he freely mingles with it.

He believes in high wages as a principle always to be pursued and looks with a suspicious eye at all, or nearly all, professional economists.

HIS recipe

ABOUT rich men he reveals an intense curiosity and loves to diagnose the causes and to assess the volume of their wealth. He dotes on rich men.

One might say that he pays a far too respectful homage to material success. No doubt, if you challenged him, he could quote in his own favour scores of texts from the Old Testament, which he savours as an ardent connoisseur.

I see he has just published a book in which he repeats his familiar recipe for success in capital letters.

The simple requisites, it seems, are good health, industry, and good judgment. The critics have enjoyed trying to make mincemeat of the recipe. I would only care to suggest that every man who deems it worth while to reflect on the subject has his own golden rule, commonly disregarded.

Most emphatically the time-worn Beaverbrook maxims could not of themselves, minus a touch of genius, have produced a Beaverbrook.

Others may be able to sum up this many-sided man more ably than I can—his mercurial generosity, the paradoxical temperament, the daring of a superb independence of mind, that inquisitiveness of the born newspaper man—who, with a bedside telephone in his hand, preferably just before the approach of dawn, transmits world-ranging instructions to his badgered staff with the speed of light.

HIS disputes

MANY years ago, relating to me the story of his life (or as much of it as he thought I ought to know), he told me that he had no patience with our narrow public school clichés about strictly obeying the umpire's decision.

"I always dispute the umpire's decision," he said with a puckish grin. So he does. It is the very essence of the man. It is Lord Beaverbrook to the life.

at the auction of its famous salon. She was an elderly woman, who, to the annoyance of the professional wine buyers, kept putting up the price of many of the wines sold. She doubled their value.

When the auction closed she had bought £4,000 worth of wine. She approached the auctioneer, M. Dupre and told him: "I am sorry I have no money. Can you keep it for me for two hours?"

Within only minutes of the two hours to go, she was back and paid in cash. Who is she? M. Dupre won't tell except to say: "She was an old customer of the restaurant, that is why we trusted her."

Quote

ACADEMICIAN, Fernand Gréghy: "I don't want to be a danger to my country. I want to be a danger to my mother—this is the way they teach it."

The wine buyer WHEN the famous Paris restaurant, L'Alcazar, closed down there was a mystery buyer.



To a man with a discerning eye, whisky is not merely 'Scotch'. He looks for the finer points and names his preference... White Horse. Every drop is perfected and matured until it is as fine a whisky as ever came out of Scotland. All good things have a name; in Scotch the name is White Horse.

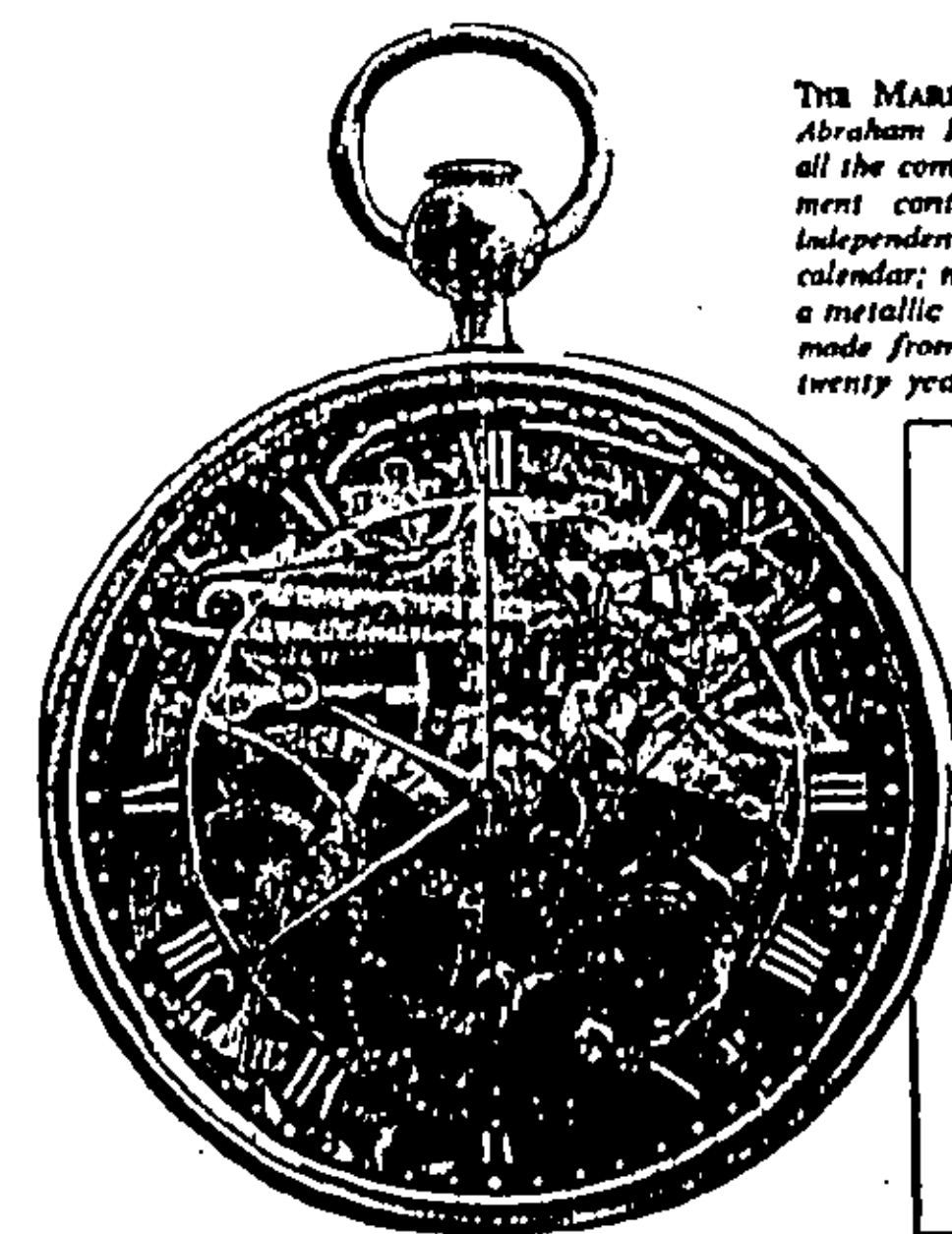
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He worked nearly twenty years to complete this project. But long before he could finish, the beautiful Marie Antoinette had met her fate at the guillotine.

Such is the story of this labour of love for a gracious Queen, who was destined never to see its completion.

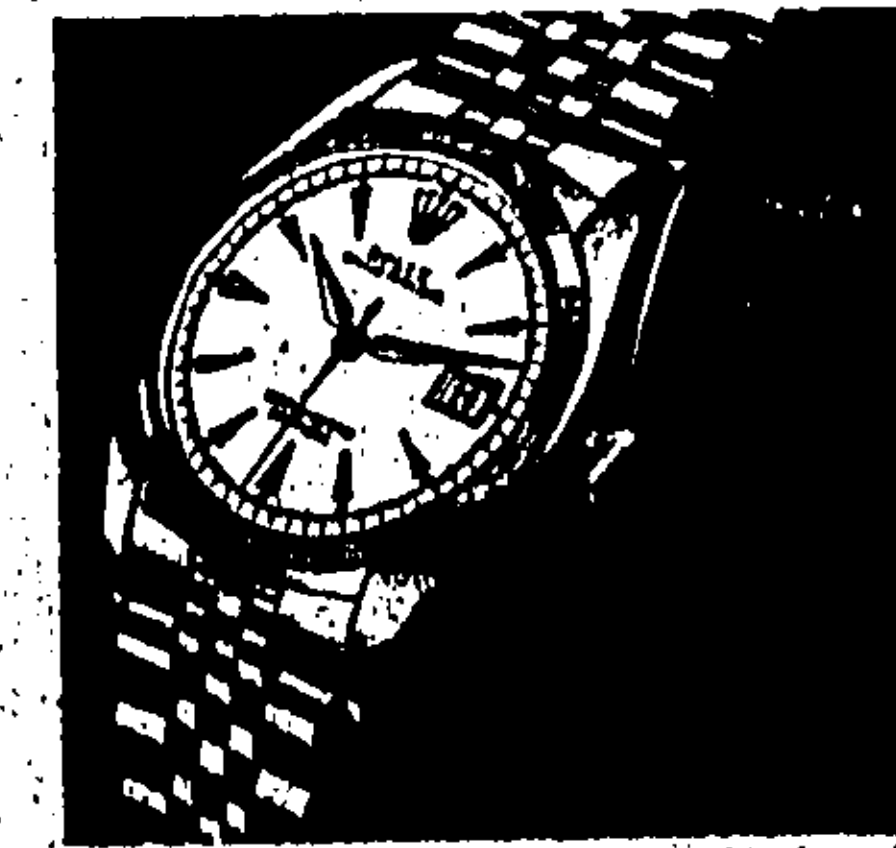
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PARIS NEWSLETTER BY SAM WHITE

MR COWARD PLAYS PEACE-MAKER

A SKILLED piece of diplomacy has just been accomplished by Mr Noel Coward. His feat: he has reconciled the Duchess of Windsor and party-thriller Elsa Maxwell after a year-old quarrel.

Just as the origins of the quarrel remain undisclosed so are the terms of settlement.

All that is known is that Mr Coward was the peace-maker.

Mrs Maxwell has just written her memoirs under the title, "RSVP." Has she altered the manuscript in the light of her reconciliation with the Duchess? Mrs Maxwell denies this.

"I have not changed a word," she says. "I devote a little less

than a chapter to the Windsors and it remains exactly as I first wrote it."

Mrs Maxwell speaks of the Duchess with a Baldwin-like sentimentality. "I will only say one thing about the Duchess. I think she was wrong—terribly wrong—not to have accepted the responsibility of history. That is all I have to say."

Mrs Maxwell's own sense of history remains as acute as ever. At her annual Paris party this year there will be 400 guests ("Just friends and ambassadors"). But it will not be a fancy dress party—because I realise the French action is in mourning for Dien Bien Phu. Unlike last year, the Windsors have been invited.

Embarrassed

MOST Frenchmen feel acutely embarrassed at the French Government's treatment of the

The Government invited the ballet and then banned its scheduled performances shortly after the company's arrival.

The Russians arrived at an unfortunate moment—just after the fall of Dien Bien Phu. Unofficially the Government have let it be known that they feared anti-Communist riots if the performances took place.

Officially the Government's action remains an anti-Communist gesture provoked by Communist military help to the Indo-Chinese rebels.

The Russians arrived here after the warm welcome given to the Comedie-Francaise company in Moscow.

The battle for Dien Bien Phu was at its bitterest when the French accepted Moscow's invitation and issued their own.

When the Russian company finally departed without being allowed to perform, not one French official saw them off. It seems an empty way of winning the cold war—on the

bare boards of the Paris opera stage.

Report on perfume

ACTRESS Anne Decaux, one of the stars of the Comedie-Francaise, gives me the following report of the perfume situation in Russia:

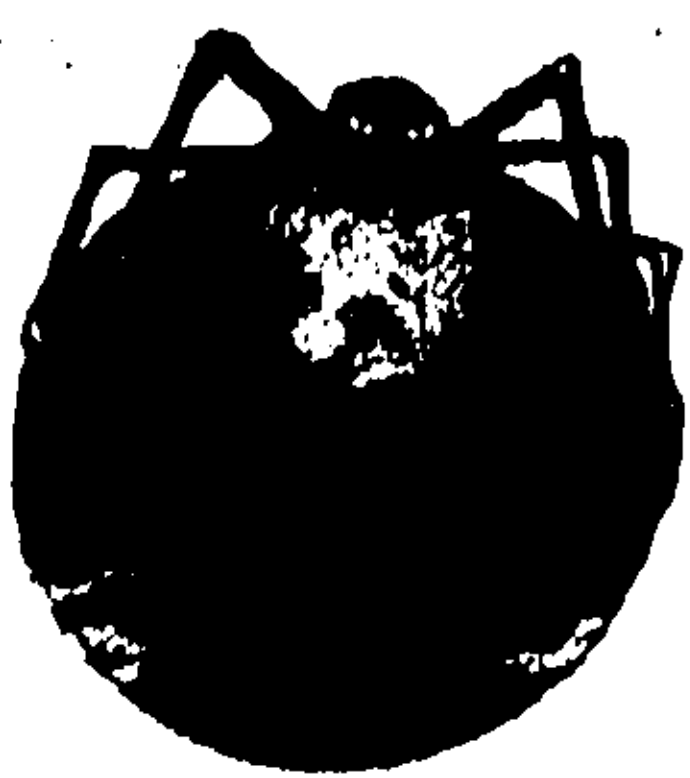
"Since Stalin died everything has changed. Up to last year perfumes had to conform to the party line and even now you still find some called Stakhanovite Youth or Stalin's Breath."

"Now things are changing. Alongside names like Red October, you find Nuit Blanche and Spring Idyll."

"I wouldn't be surprised if next year the Russians have caught up and have perfume called 'Septuaginta' or 'Fello d'Amour'."

The wine buyer

WHEN the famous Paris restaurant, L'Alcazar, closed down there was a mystery buyer.



These Cloak-and-Dagger days . . . an Up-to-Date Analysis of the Era of Espionage in which we all live . . .

The Web Around Us

by
IAN COLVIN

I WANT TO TELL YOU THE ASTONISHING STORY OF THE 'BIG FISH' WE LOST

THE fact that faces anyone setting out to prepare a report on modern espionage is that there is nothing—absolutely nothing—so fantastic that it could not happen in this web which surrounds us.

It is easy, I know, to smile and to talk about Sax Rohmer and Sonja, The Beautiful Spy, but the truth is—

Today men DO meet quietly in a park—and as a result the whole technological researches of another country take a great leap forward.

Today men DO regard assassination as a routine instrument of policy—and as a consequence Government departments experiment with small and silent lethal weapons. Today men DO live in a world of codes, and signals—and as a consequence secrets change hands which are prized beyond measurement by money.

The prize

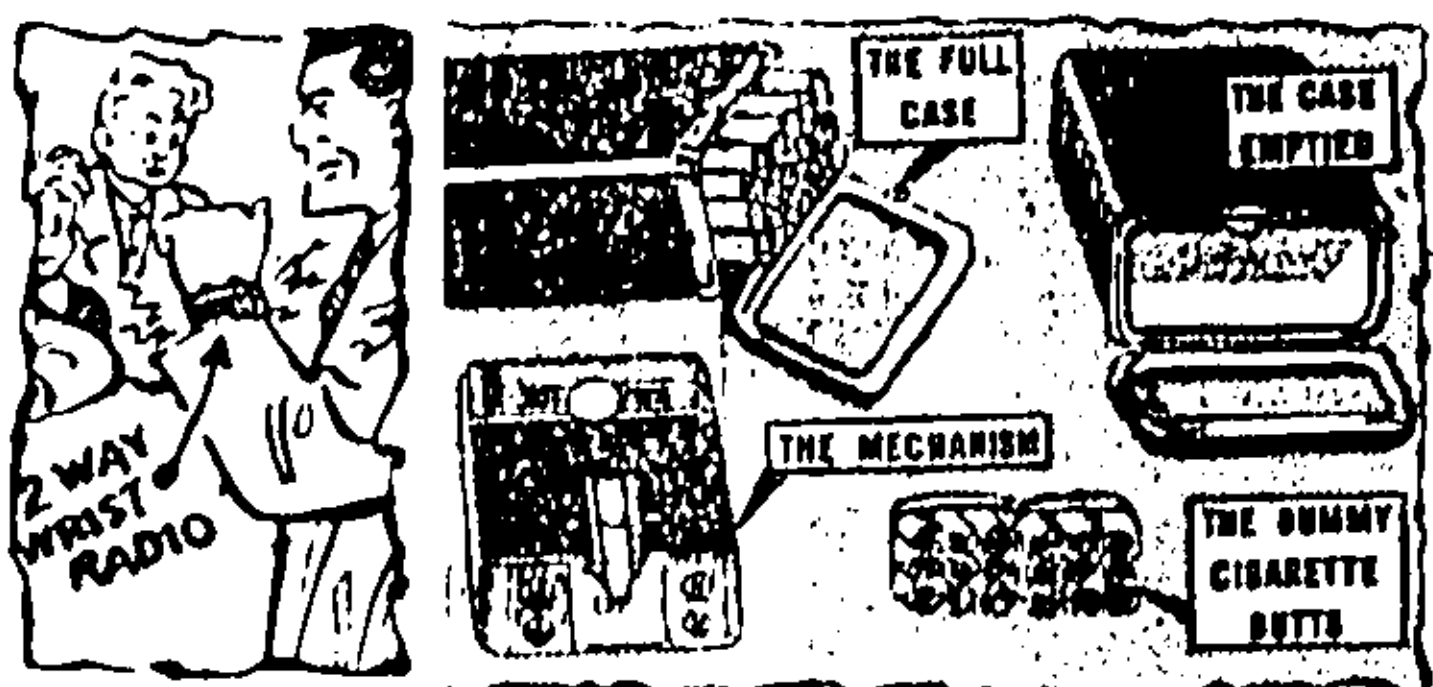
INDEED, the overpowering new factor in world espionage is that every man in history has the prizes been nearly so large; never has one successful act of espionage been able to give such staggering results.

Compared with wartime spying in the struggle with Germany, what is going on now is much more desperate. Your own street, the factory you work in, the pub at the corner, the post office—no place is too humdrum to be the centre of a conspiracy.

There may be a dozen men in London now whose cloak is simply their normal behaviour, whose dagger a valuable piece of data scribbled on a screwed up piece of paper and passed to a stranger at a street corner. I suppose that the now-imprisoned Fuchs still stands out as the man who more than any one spy in history, decisively helped to alter the balance of power by guiding Russian minds towards the secret of atomic power.

None the less, the point I am making is how difficult it is to weigh with any precision the true consequences of even one success—or one mistake.

I want to tell you now the astonishing story of a man I



It's a Dick Tracy world

When strip cartoon detective Dick Tracy used his famous two-way wrist radio set, even his most fervent fans

if he had used a lethal cigarette case, with silent, cyanide-carrying bullets, they would also have been sceptical.

But it was revealed recently in the Khoklov case that the Russians had perfected just such a gun . . .

How it works—

First the lid is opened, in effect throwing the safety

catch. Then the victim is offered a cigarette, the side of the case is pressed, and out comes a bullet through one of the neatly packed dummy cigarettes.

The "gun" is operated electrically, and the bullets are instantaneous death.

will call Kuznov? I don't believe this story has ever come to light before. I tell it now because it gives some hint of how much can be won or lost by a single throw.

Scene, a cosmopolitan hotel in a neutral capital during the war . . .

Everything seems to be going

against Hitler.

An agitated man is walking about the lounge and goes abruptly to a British consular official.

"You know me, I met you at an embassy reception two days ago. Follow me up to Room 103 for a few minutes. I have something to tell you."

As the door of Room 103 closed the Russian put his cards on the table.

"I am Alexander Kuznov, of the Soviet Embassy. I can stay only five minutes. I am to be recalled to Moscow. I cannot go back. I want you to give me refuge. I will come over to you for £10,000 in gold and a guarantee of protection. I will bring you something of great value."

"If you will give refuge for me and my secretary I will bring with me the cyphers. And I will bring you a list of

"This is not his real name and I have, even now, sound reasons for keeping his identity secret."

Rolling pins that no man need fear, Swedish measuring spoons, French carving knives, Italian pottery. They're just a few of the curios that actress Pat Nye handles as a sideline.

PRINCE PHILIP'S PHOTO BOOSTED SALES

By Kay Murray

ONE of Britain's well known actresses has retired to the kitchen—and is extremely happy there.

Pat Nye, managing director of the late Bedford Theatre, Camden Town, London, and a brilliant flatmate in Oliver's production of "Caesar and Cleopatra," is part proprietor of a fascinating New York shop called "La Cuisiniere," which sells everything from casseroles to canapés.

"Running a shop and selling things you like yourself is fascinating," she told me, though she made it clear that she has by no means deserted the acting profession.

"But every actor needs a sideline," she said, and this, it seems, is particularly so in New York. The theatre here," said Miss Nye, "is not in very good shape and people are rather careful about a British accent."

Perfectly Happy

They're even more careful in television, in which Miss Nye says she'll take a part "if something good comes along."

"They reach such an enormous

audience over the networks that they get letters from people in the Middle West complaining that they can't understand English actors," she told me. But while waiting for "something good to come along," Pat Nye is perfectly happy at "La Cuisiniere."

She met her partner, Mrs Campbell Dick, when she was here with the Oliver company in 1951-52. A year later she decided to return and try her luck, discovered that like herself, Mrs Dick has travelled extensively and likes good food and cooking, and they decided to go into partnership.

"The kitchen's come into the living room so much here," she told me, "that we thought it made a good focal point for us." La Cuisiniere sells every gimmick and gadget, antique and modern, American and European, that goes into the modern kitchen. It has French carving knives, Swedish measuring spoons, ovenproof Finnish baking dishes, Italian pottery, Californian herbs.

On the elegant side are modern French china, Staffordshire coffee cups, Royal Cauldon dinner ware. "Open Stock," said Miss Nye complacently, "it's been very difficult since the war to get good English china in open stock."

A beautiful 18th. Century English walnut table displays a magnificent Wedgwood salad bowl, and there are English hunting prints on sale—along with some fascinating rolling pins.

"They aren't conventional rolling pins, though," explained La Cuisiniere's hostess. "They used to be hung over the side of sailing ships in the 18th century to measure the roll of the ship. They are usually of Bristol or Nalaise glass."

Best-seller

A best-selling item is the conventional blue and white striped butcher's apron. Sales soared when they displayed a picture of the Duke of Edinburgh sporting one as he crossed the line with all its attendant indignities.

One thing La Cuisiniere doesn't intend to cope with is food. "Too much competitions," said Miss Nye, firmly. "But we are going in for cocktail snacks. Try this sturgeon-smoked slicing off a shivering. Even at 10.30 a.m. it tasted good, equally so the Chianti-flavoured cheese and the cal-meat brand, all specialties de la maison."

As the aircraft took the British courier across the Atlantic he puzzled over the strange message he was taking back to his chiefs in London.

And just the same problem, only worse, faced Intelligence headquarters when the report reached Whitehall.

Could he possibly know of spies in the Whitehall Ministries at a time when the allies were getting on so well together?

I remember hearing a Secret Service story of the first world war: how a British agent had been stationed in Holland and a man had come over from Cologne—and sold him the German order of battle for the Rhineland.

He had paid for it with a pound of tea. The order of battle had been genuine.

That touch about the pound of tea had been thought to be a mistake because the German perhaps never guessed the value of the order of battle.

More wanted

WELL, this time Kuznov wanted more than a pound of tea. His price was certainly taken seriously in Whitehall and in the country hide-out, where wartime Intelligence worked. But at that moment there was one man on leave who must be asked before clearance could be given. He would be back very shortly.

Meanwhile, the British courier sat about in his London club.

And meanwhile the days were closing in on Kuznov, hundreds of miles away.

I expect he spoke to his ambassador of the joy of seeing his wife again in Moscow, a meeting in our Moscow liberated by the glorious Red Army. I expect he watched carefully for a hint of the ambassador's feelings and watched everyone, and had a feeling that everyone was watching him.

BIBLIOGRAPHY FOR SPY STUDENTS

For those interested in pursuing more fully the story of post-war espionage I suggest the following book list: Operation Cicero by L. C. Moyzisch (Wingate); Odette, by Jerrard Tickle (Chapman and Hall); Germany's Underground by Allen Dulles (Macmillan); The Payne Best (Hulcinson); The Meaning of Treason by Rebecca West (Macmillan); Soviet Atomic Spies by Bernard Newman (Robert Hale); The Man Who Never Was by Ewen Montagu (Evans); Duel of Wits by Captain Peter Churchill (Hodder and Stoughton); London Calling the North Pole by H. J. Giskes (Kimber); The Royal Commission on Canadian Spy Trials (H.M.S.O.); Handbook for Spies by Alexander Foote.

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Had he offended someone? Was he afraid to go back to his wife in Moscow? Was he running off with the secretary and taking the cyphers to finance his honeymoon? Had he taken some of the secret funds and feared to go home?

Setting up the shop was quite a project, she admitted.

"We had a man buying for us in Italy and visiting England, but in future we hope to be able to close down the shop in July and August and go abroad ourselves to stock up."

To keep her hand in, Miss Nye is acting as dramatic coach to the graduate class of one of New York's most famous establishments, the Felton School of Drama.

But while waiting for a fat stage role to come along, she isn't at all unhappy among her elegant pots and pans.

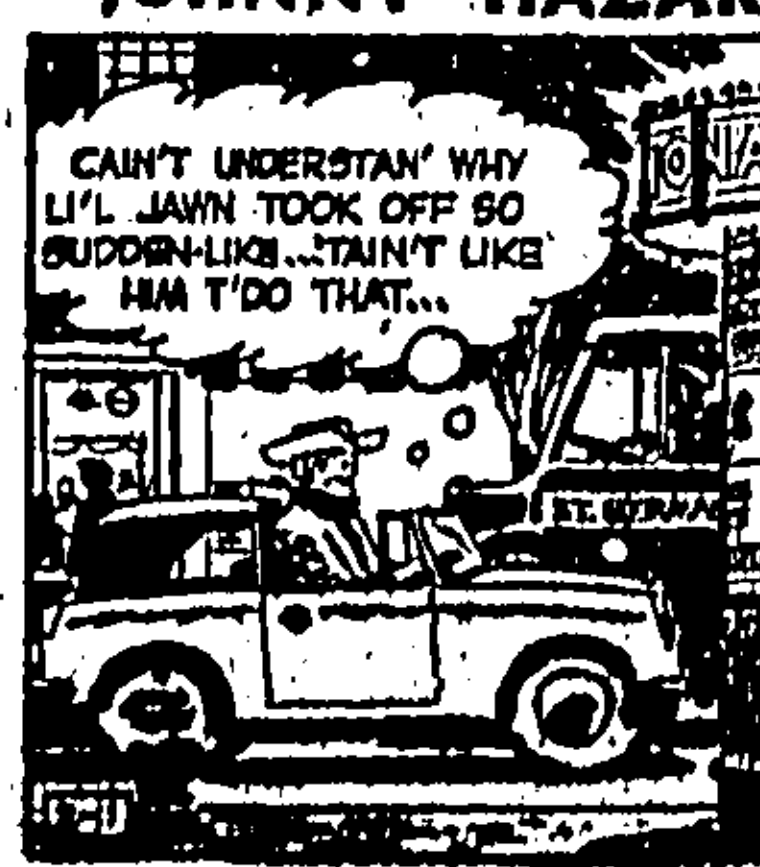
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JOHNNY HAZARD



Equally harassed British officials in that neutral country sat waiting for that courier from London.

And then—Clearance! Project agreed in London! Action right away! The courier was only flying hours away. He had the passports, he had the Bank of England authority, and the gold for Kaznov.

The little airport was deserted, except for the control tower, a few officials, the usual mechanics, the faultlessly dressed Secretary from the British Embassy, who had come to meet the courier.

And also an elderly couple shuffling across the tarmac to one of the outgoing airliners. At least they seemed rather elderly and decrepit because three young men were giving them a helping hand on board the aircraft.

We now go to Room 105 in the Grand Hotel. This was the rendezvous. This is the time that Kuznov would appear, if the cryptic message about a new spare part for his American car had reached him.

The courier and his companion sat waiting there for two hours. At length came a message.

"Alexander Kuznov cannot keep his appointment. For the elderly man you saw at the airport, going out by stages to Moscow—that was Alexander Kuznov."

The prices

THE hitherto secret story, which I reveal in its essential details, has many lessons for us.

Maybe for the price of five to six pounds we could have known about Burgess and Maclean, before their flight was even dreamed of.

Maybe for the price of a medium bomb we could have found out something about the intention to take Pontecorvo away from us.

Maybe for the price of a few motor-cars we could have discovered sooner the identity of the man in the British Embassy in Ankara whose code name to the Germans was Cicero.

But perhaps the most salient fact of all is that today nothing and nobody entirely escapes the astounding range of espionage.

It is no longer the closed shop of the monocled officers

MILAN—A THROBBING POWERHOUSE

By BERNARD RONALD

MILAN 1954 is a

thrilling power initiative, of perseverance and private enterprise. Hardy husbands who cannot find houses have rolled up their sleeves and built their own. Thousands of signorinas, sighing for a suitor, are filling pages of the local papers with pointed appeals.

Tiny two-seater cars powered by scooter engines that do over 60 miles to the gallon are rolling out of a motor-cycle factory. Television is being installed in the huge Central Station to flash arrival and departure messages on special screens to the public.

But to the Milanese, these products of a modern, materialist machine age are not nearly so important as a fleeting visit by "Elegante Inglese" (the elegant Englishman).

For to the mode-minded males here, the Duke of Windsor appears on dozens of Italian publications as a connoisseur of tailoring taste. He is always impeccably dressed. And when he is in town, his name becomes an Italian household word.

It is already an Italian shop word. For "Principe di Galles" (Prince of Wales) patterned suitings are sold by every clothier in the country.

On his last visit the Duke stayed in town only long enough to dine with a few friends. But that was enough to send the news boomeranging through the vines and piazzas, and echoing for weeks in the gossip columns. He was on his way to join the Duchess in Monte Carlo.

The Duke, grey-haired and grave, still has that shy smile of greeting that Britons knew in his more youthful days. And though he would prefer so much to elude the publicity that is beamed upon him, he takes the acrobatic attentions of the Italian press photographers in good part.

And now a word about TV. Sales of TV sets are not exactly scorching—the according machines. A recent programme for instance read "Riposo." I thought that meant a nice evening's repose in front of the screen, but it transpired that it meant that the studios were having a 24-hour "repose"—and the would-be viewers!

Meanwhile importers doubt whether more than 20,000 sets have been installed during the last two years. Scanning the skyline from my balcony I would say that the few tell-tale aerials in sight would indicate that the importers are right on the beam.

Sets cost anything from £100 to £300 (the cheapest 14-inch table model costs every penny of £100). TV is State-controlled and the Government is evidently realistic about the quality of the programmes. Viewers do not have to pay for a licence as yet!

Models (fashion) are popular in Milan, and Model Liuba Rosa is no exception. Liuba has over ten boy friends, five of whom she says are "pretty serious."

Lovely 21-year-old Liuba confided to me: "They don't give me a minute's peace from morning to night. One insists on running me into town every morning. From town to my work is a short tram ride, and another beau always waits at the tram stop. And yet another waits for me at the door of the fashion salon and insists that I have a warm cup of coffee with him in the cafe across the road. I get three or four telephone calls during the morning, then I have to have lunch with one of the boys."

"Any girl of 21 who says boy friends bore her is just kidding."

Italians are the most argumentative people in the world and the system in their country whereby traffic policemen can impose fines on the spot is certainly not suited to their temperaments.

Motorists are always wrong, the Italian cop says as he whips out his book. The police are never right, the drivers think. But woe betide them if they put their thoughts into words.

Having what the locals describe as the "traditional British phlegm" certainly saved me when a Milanese cop picked on my correspondent. Somebody

WHEN PETROV WAS IN LONDON . . .

IN the course of my inquiries in London I uncovered a new fact of considerable importance: The famous Vladimir Petrov, former third secretary and espionage agent at the Russian Embassy in Canberra, has visited London.

He was in London in January 1951. And with his blonde wife Evdokia he sailed for Australia in the Oracles on January 5, 1951 to take up his appointment there.

So another link in the Russian spy net that ranges from Britain to Australia is uncovered. Petrov, during his visit, may have learnt much in London.

On May 25, 1951, four and a half months after the Petrovs had sailed, Burgess and Maclean caught the Channel steamer at Southampton.

The Red net is world-wide.

In plain clothes whom the Kaiser sent to England, the Hungarian countesses entailing French staff officers. Everyone is in it if the web touches them, and even the most exalted officers are often the "cover" for trickier deeds than the office suggests.

I note, for instance, a name this week the significance of which I suggest has not been adequately understood.

In the sensational revelations of Captain Nikolai Khoklov, the man with the cyanide cigarette case, the name of Alexander S. Panyushkin is mentioned. That name is familiar.

This is the man who has been Soviet Ambassador in Washington and in China. Had he been posted to London the Queen would have had to shake hands with him.

Let us just trace the career of Alexander Panyushkin. When he arrived in America in 1948 he made some very agreeable speeches about getting on well with other nations.

I find Panyushkin on the record as asking the State Department what General MacArthur meant by rearming the Japanese. And I find him protesting that America was using displaced persons to spy behind the Iron Curtain in 1949.

While growing crowds of Americans swarmed round the consulate American civil servants fetched her out and put her in hospital under protection.

That scandal ended in the recall of Panyushkin, and the closing of two Soviet consulates in America.

For a year Panyushkin was ambassador to China. In July 1953 he left Peking for Russia and "other work."

What was that other work? We discover this from the interrogations of Captain Khoklov, who was put in charge of assassination work against Russian refugees and others carrying on the cold war from Western Germany.

We discover that Khoklov had several times to consult on his murder plans for the

Frankfurt area a chief of staff to the Second Directorate named Major General Alexander Semenovitch Panyushkin.

The same man.

In other words, the web of espionage today is so extraordinary that even people accustomed to the lofty rank of ambassador are directly involved in deeds of calculated violence.

It may be men of high distinction—or equally of apparently little claim to achievement.

"Nowadays in peacetime England," writes a repentant Soviet spy, Alexander Foote, "the business man from Canada, the little tobaccoist round the corner, the hearty commercial traveller on the 6.15 are far more likely to be spies than any dumb blonde or sinister baron."

Clerical types in diplomatic missions, draughtsmen in factories, specialists on aerodynamics and higher mathematics, postal sorters, civil servants, frustrated men in unpaid jobs, have all come justling into the spy picture.

WONDER at this moment for example exactly what is going on in the Polish community in North Yorkshire—not very far from another community in the same county where last year the mystery of the Polish priest has never been solved.

About six miles from York, at a hostel housing about 700 Poles, there are reports of unknown men arriving by car and insinuating themselves into conversation with the local people there. The obvious purpose of their talk is to entice these Poles back to the homeland. Transport, it seems, is no great difficulty.

But many of the people there are not entirely satisfied with this "open" purpose of their visit. Even in the daytime doors are being kept locked. They don't forget too easily how Father Borynski nearly 12 months ago answered a telephone call to his home, walked out—and has never been seen since.

MONDAY:
Case-history of a capture

had sounded a horn, the law thought it was me, so I was told in homing tones: "Do it again and I will wrap it round your so-and-so neck." I remembered the motto of the Silent Service and said nothing.

I shudder to think what would have happened if I had insisted the brute-like lobby was in the wrong.

Take 42-year-old Prince Vittorio Massimo, who married 23-year-old British actress Dawn Addams in Rome a few days ago.

A row with a traffic cop got him a sentence of four months' imprisonment in a Leghorn court. A terrible thing to happen on a honeymoon. But of course, these things do happen when princes and the police have Latin temperaments, and the princes are determined to argue it out.

Prince Vittorio's bother with the police dates back to October 10, 1953. On that ill-fated day he was driving his car in Leghorn. Came a junction with its traffic light. He crossed—and was promptly stopped by the police. Said the Prince: "The light was yellow." Replied the traffic cop: "It was red."

And because the police alleged that the Prince insulted them by saying "It surprised me they kept you in your job," the Leghorn judge took a very serious view of the argument.

Prince Vittorio has appealed. His argument with the police looks like being a very lengthy affair.

By Frank Robbman

IN TRECHAT'S HOUSE, JOHNNY WORKS UNTIL HE IS ALMOST FREE!

AND THE STRANDS CONTINUE TO PART...

...this situation calls for a San Miguel

San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

LATEST FASHION FAD



Quickest ever progress from Dior to chain store has been made by the new bead necklaces. And so the fashion you see in this John French picture, that was once the favourite of governesses and schoolmistresses, becomes the newest favourite of the well dressed.

There are glass beads cut to sparkle and coloured sapphire or scarlet, china beads in white and pink and pale blue, round bubble beads in amber or charcoal. The more you wind round your neck and the more you jumble them up—the smarter they are.—London Express Service.

Some Useful Tips From Experts

How To Take Five Years Off Your Age . . .

London. Would you like to lose five years from your age? Most men and women would after the age of 30. Recently I have been talking to some of the experts on youthful preservation. I put to them this question . . . HOW DO YOU LOSE FIVE YEARS?

"Living dangerously," is the advice of psychologist Mayo Winette. "Few people are cowardly at heart," he says, "but many are inclined to be lethargic and follow the line of least resistance. They dread added responsibilities and tend to accept their surroundings with dreary discontent, instead of trying to change them."

Mr. Wingate writes of this adventurous, youthful approach to life in his new book, *Human Problems of Today*. If you look around at the vital men and women who don't spare themselves in living, you see the truth of his theory. Who would think that Jacqueline Auriol, the daring French airwoman, who looks like a young girl, was 38. Diane Edith Evans, 66, or Sir John Barbirolli, 64?

RELAXATION . . .

"Relax for 10 minutes each day," says beauty expert Olive Cato. "The right beauty treatments and cosmetics can help a woman to preserve her youth but they can't delete those lines of strain and anxiety. It's relaxation and sleep that renew the system."

Ten minutes daily lying flat on the back, with all muscles limp, eyes closed and mind a blank and the feet just slightly raised above the head (the ironing board is good for this) is Mrs. Cato's recommendation for fooling the years.

This is the secret of eternally beautiful women like Joan Fontaine and Marlene Dietrich.

My own doctor says: "Streamline your figure and check up on your health." Many people, who carry round surplus weight, look years older than they need and are probably shortening their life-span at the same time.

There's no harm in a sensible diet planned for you by your doctor and he adds this warning . . . that more illnesses and digestive upsets are caused by overeating than eating too little.

It's true that fat people look older than their years. Remember how much younger Ted Kavannah looked when he lost 41st. And Wolf Mankowitz when he took off 13lb. last year. Judy Garland, who was starting to look quite plump and matronly in 1951 seemed years younger when she lost weight. And look what happened to our Queen when she lost weight on the Royal Tour. She came home younger than ever.

HAIR . . .

A shorter, neater hairstyle can take five years off a woman's appearance. Hairstylist Raymond says "There is nothing more ageing to a woman's face than a frame of untidy, ill-shaped hair."

Remember how young Ginger Rogers appeared after she lost her shaggy mane.

"Hair is just as important to a man," says Katharine Keen, who for years has been treating many of London's more prominent balding heads.

She tells me that she combines food and exercise for the scalp in her treatment.

But if you are too busy or too shy to have professional treatment you can still do a lot at home with a good nourishing lotion and daily massage. Most important object of massage should be to exercise the large

muscle which runs from the forehead to the nape of the neck. If this muscle is allowed to grow stiff, the fat cells, which are placed between the skin and the bone structure, cannot function properly.

If you want to see the difference that hair makes to a man you should meet some of our male film stars off the screen when they remove the topes they use for filming. Heart-throbs like Michael Wilding and Charles Boyer, look years younger on the screen.

But whatever we do to cast those unwanted five years, it is of little use if we are no longer young in heart.

I like to remember Aristotle's definition of youth and age. It forms a useful quiz for checking up on your own outlook on life.

YOUNG IN HEART

Young men, he wrote, have strong desires . . . they are fond of victory, for youth likes to be superior . . . they are sanguine . . . they live their lives in anticipation . . . they have high aspirations . . . are prone to pity . . . fond of laughter.

Elderly men, on the other hand, are cynical . . . suspicious . . . they aspire to nothing great or exalted, but crave the mere necessities and comforts of existence . . . they are not generous . . . they live in memory rather than anticipation . . . they are mastered by the love of gain.

(WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVED) —(London Express Service)

★ ★ ★ BEAUTY CLUB ★ ★ ★
JUST LIKE CLEOPATRA!

By LADY BOYLE

RECENTLY I played in a costume film Douglas Fairbanks was making for American television. It was a most feminine role, with all the frilliness of the era. There were powdered wigs in one scene, softly draped curls in another. Seductive may be the appearance . . . but oh! how sticky to the touch!

When I got home I still had the remains of the glue-like cream that fastened my wig to my brow and the film make-up lay heavily on my skin.



LADY BOYLE . . . in the American television film.

I almost lost hope of removing it entirely. I had cleansed with cream and with liquids, and still it lingered. I went to the fridge to have a glass of milk and then, I wondered, why not? Cleopatra bathed in milk!

Why shouldn't I try it when I felt I needed something stimulating and cleansing. Did you ever realise a pint of milk contained a score of beauty treatments?

After cleansing the face and neck, dip a pad of cotton wool in milk (warm it if you prefer) and bathe the skin, keeping it wet for about five minutes. Let the milk dry on, leaving it there as long as possible while relaxing, then remove with a mild skin tonic.

PUFFINESS

This treatment tightens and refines the skin, and it is particularly good for removing puffiness around the eyes. Eravis discovered the delicious feeling of milk on my face and the beneficial results. I began to look up other people's contact with this liquid, in the beauty trails of thought.

The following recipe, comes from a Victorian diary, and is suggested for whitening a shadow. Mix two tablespoons of milk and a teaspoonful of lemon

juice. Sponge the mixture over the neck, allow to dry on. Leave on as long as possible.

For a more modern note I would like to add that this treatment might well prove too drying for certain skins, so please remember to lubricate it afterwards if you find the slightest trace of disagreeable tightness about the "milky" areas.

Milk, however, is the main ingredient of most home-made face packs.

Perhaps the most effective of the lot is the milk and honey pack. I tried it the other day and can quite understand that Marlene Dietrich, the most glamorous of grandmothers, might well use it regularly, as she is said to do.

To make it, melt a tablespoonful of honey by standing it over boiling water and, as it gradually melts, stir in three tablespoonfuls of milk.

Smooth this mixture over your face and neck and leave on for an hour. Wash it off with warm water.

If the result is as good as on Grandma Marlene, and as lasting, I don't feel we can grumble.

—(London Express Service)

Why HE Feels Inferior

WOMEN whose husbands object to their working outside their homes, will be interested to read a new analysis of masculine objections in a book published recently.

Many men see a wife working as a reflection on themselves, according to Mr. Ashley Montagu. "My wife doesn't have to work. Why should she?" is the ordinary reaction of a married man.

Second reason for their objections is "their biological inferiority because only the female of the species is able to create human beings."

You have only to listen to male boasts of their achievements to confirm this. "These are my brain children," "That's my baby," "I want to name this idea," "Greatest with ideas," "Giving birth to a plan" are all general phrases in the male business world.

But what they are doing really, explains Mr. Montagu, is giving expression to their basic feelings of inferiority towards the female sex.

"The Natural Superiority of Women," by Ashley Montagu (George Allen & Unwin, 15/-).

—HILIN ASCROFT

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Mothers should give a vote of thanks to this author who knows that
WHEN BIGGLES GOES "SOFT",
THE BOYS CAN'T STAND IT

A MAN whose name every schoolboy's mother has reason to bless—Captain W. E. Johns—topped the list again, in a recent survey, as the author most schoolboys still love best.

And from Captain Johns, author of 50 books about "Biggles" (any one of which can keep a schoolboy quiet for hours), comes this list of four cardinal rules about writing for boys:—

1 NO GIRLS. "Biggles once rescued an Italian princess from the Nazis," Captain Johns told us. "All he did was rescue her. But there was an uproar. 'You can count us out as readers,' wrote scores of outraged schoolboys, 'if Biggles is going soft.'"

2 ABSOLUTE ACCURACY. "Modern children are astoundingly well informed and if they think you don't know your facts—you are out. Almost all the things that Biggles does I have done myself."

"But once I wrote that a certain type of aircraft flew from London to Egypt non-stop, and the letters poured in saying: 'That plane can only fly 1,800 miles without refuelling, and it is 2,000 miles to Egypt. So did it stop, and if so why didn't you say so?'"

All That Matters

3 PLENTY OF ACTION. "Action is really all that matters. The kind of thing a schoolboy likes to read is: 'Biggles did not hesitate. His rigid royal etiquette, these men pistol spat. The native stretched himself to his full height; then his legs crumpled under him and he slumped like a wet cat. A merciless smile curled Biggles's lips.'"

4 NO DESCRIPTIONS. "In a grown-up novel you can write that the scarlet sun was sinking in the West and go on about it for hours. But a

schoolboy knows what the sun looks like when it is setting; he knows that it is red, that it is sinking, and that it is in the West—so shut up about it."

There are no descriptions of the hero either, not even the colour of his eyes or his age. For Biggles is every boy's idea of what he would like to be.

"Of course I'm grateful to Biggles," said Captain Johns, looking thoughtfully round his magnificent Queen Anne house in Hampton Court. "He's paid for all this and quite a few trips round the world, and a shooting-box in Scotland."

Biggles, he explained, is quite a chap. He can make £10,000 in one book. And Captain Johns can write a Biggles book in a fortnight.

This Pomp

EVER since the Queen's return people have been talking of her . . . of how she looks, of how she is dressed, of the things that she has achieved, of the tasks that still face her. But one question has not been asked . . . till now. And that is whether, in the life of the Queen, there is not too much pomp and circumstance . . .

Are they scaring the humanity out of the Queen? Any woman who has watched her as often as we have must have been concerned for that little figure engulfed in one of those huge ceremonial state chairs.

One wonders whether that enormous weighty complex apparatus needed to turn a girl into a Queen must also prevent a Queen from being a girl.

For it seems that all this ceremonial and formality, this rigid royal etiquette, these men pistol spat, these men stretched themselves to their full height; then his legs crumpled under him and he slumped like a wet cat. A merciless smile curled Biggles's lips."

she must drill herself to stand aside and let somebody else make a grab for her . . .

When Prince Charles follows his mother down a heavy line of dignitaries, shaking hands with each with the utmost solemnity and charm, surely the Queen should feel free to turn round and give him an encouraging smile . . .

She has never looked more queenly nor more touching than on her state drive to the City. A figure whose every gesture seemed controlled by a compulsive sense of duty. She waved, she smiled, she inclined her head—as if she were disciplined not to make a move outside the royal schedule . . .

Then the Mansion House speech. Must the responsibilities of queenship involve those weighty Masonic-dinner phrases—sounding all the more incongruous spoken in that soft, clear young voice? Only the Queen could make them sound sincere.

Nobody who saw her on TV at the state banquet could have failed to notice the oppressive sense of ceremonial around her. She looked as if she still bore the heavy weight of St. Edward's Crown on her head and a mantle of gold round her shoulders . . . though she was dressed in a little summer hat and a thin silk dress.

In the film of the royal tour there is an overpowering feeling that there are powers behind her dictating every move, powers too rigid to let her—just once—be her own spontaneous, warm-hearted self.

If they go on like this they will smother her greatest asset—the charm of a young personality.

Italian Style

A DELICIOUS arrangement of chicken, cream, cheese, and noodles comes from a new cook-book published recently.

(Good Food From Italy, by Giuseppe Lomazzi, 2/-, Frederick Muller)

What you need to serve four: Breast of a good-sized roasting chicken skin removed.

1 lb. of noodles—half-finger-width tubular.

3 level dessertspoons of butter or margarine.

1 cup light cream, or half cream and milk; ½ cup grated parmesan cheese; 1 dessertspoon of breadcrumbs; a sprinkle of minced parsley; and salt.

Melt half the butter slowly in a frying-pan. Saute the chicken over a low flame, turning frequently, until cooked, for 30 minutes. Partly cook noodles five minutes, drain.

Remove chicken from pan and set aside. Melt remaining butter in same pan, add noodles and turn gently. Place in baking-dish and add cream and nearly all the cheese.

Surround the white chicken with noodles, sprinkle remaining cheese with breadcrumbs. Bake in moderate oven 25 minutes.

It Must Be Mr X

THIS craze for greeting celebrities at night-clubs with special signature tunes is an idea that should be exploited. For instance:—

For Norman Wisdom: "I Didn't Slip, I Wasn't Pushed, I Fell."

Lady Barnett: "My Sugar is So Refined."

Sir Winston Churchill: "You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby."

Patricia Roberts: "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby."

The Soviet Secret Service: "I Guess I'll Have to Change my Plans."

Glennie Alexander: "Out in the Cold Again."

—(London Express Service)



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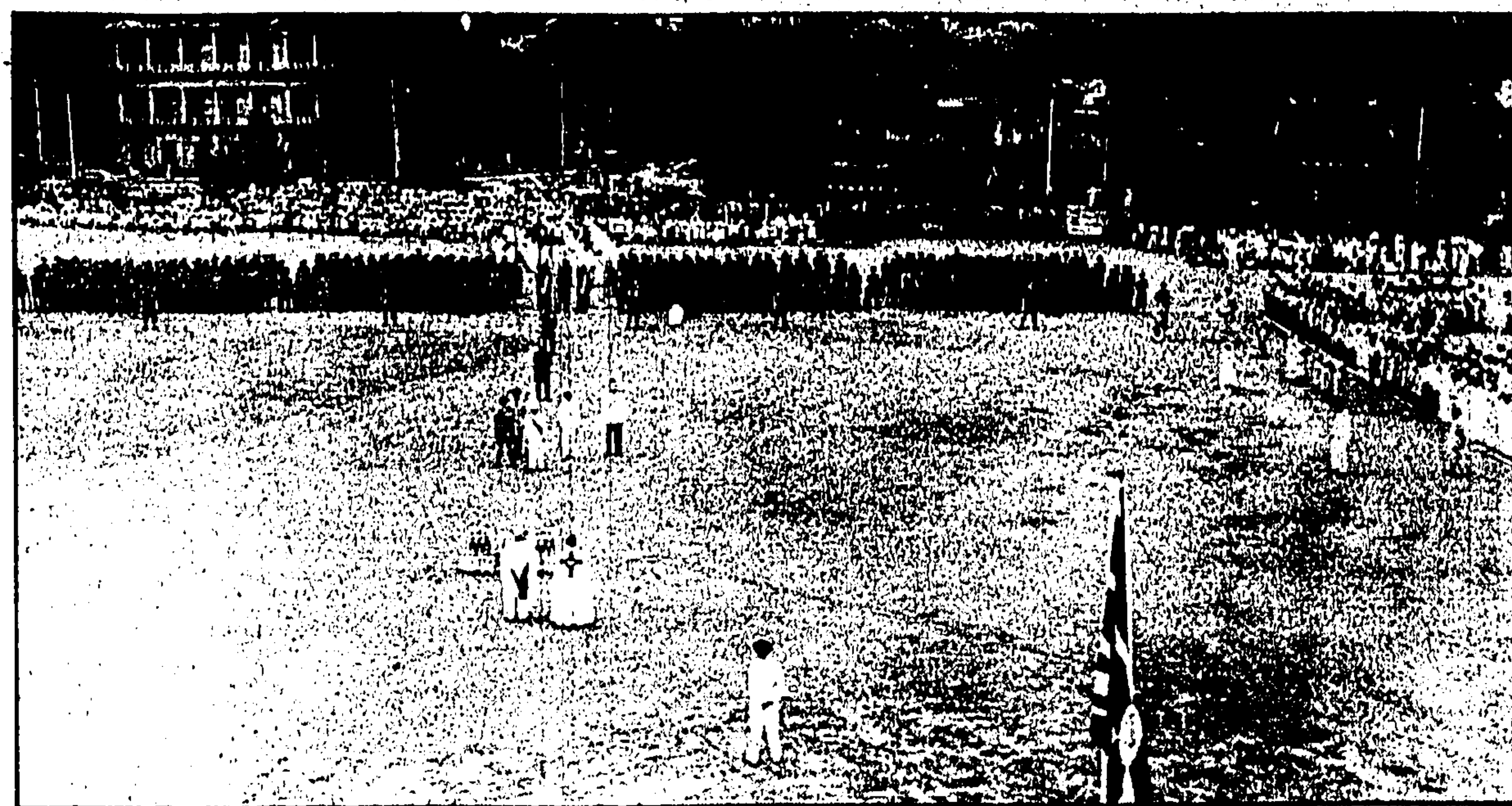
CENTENARY OF THE HONGKONG VOLUNTEERS

THE first Volunteer defence unit was formed in Hongkong 100 years ago. To mark the event, the Royal Hongkong Defence Force held a Centenary Parade last Sunday in the Hongkong Cricket Club ground. Right: Panoramic view of the Parade during the Drumhead Service, in which His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, took part as Honorary Commandant General of the Force. (All pictures on this page by China Mail Staff Photographers)



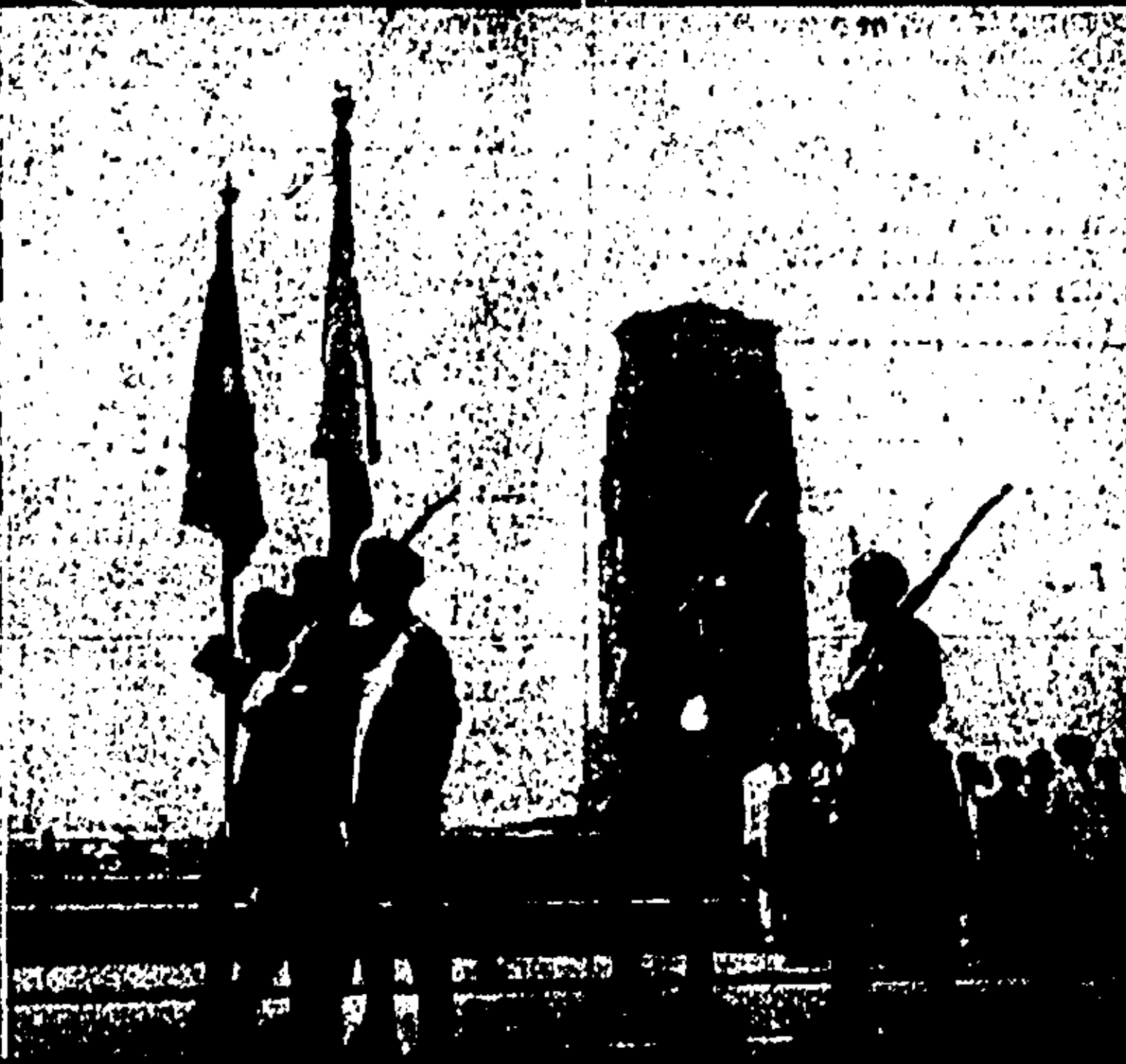
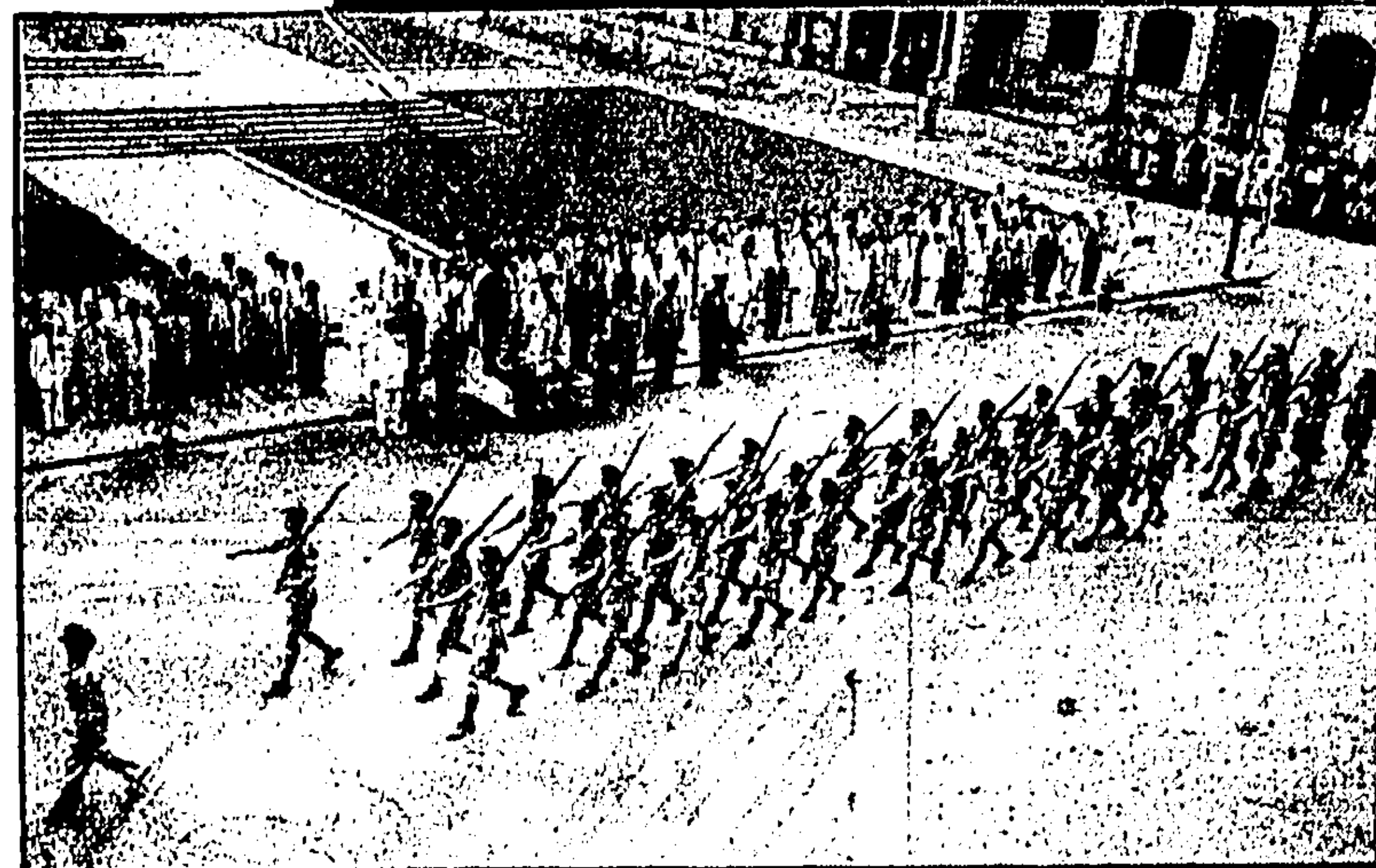
A detachment of the Women's Services of the Defence Force taking part in the march through the city.

RIGHT: The Hongkong Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, which led the various units in the March Past.



LEFT: Ex-Volunteers who participated in the Parade marching past His Excellency the Governor, who took the salute at the Cenotaph.

BELOW: Lt-Col. S. L. A. Carter, Commanding Officer of the Hongkong Regiment, leading the Regiment along Queen's Road.



ABOVE, on the left: An armed detachment of the Hongkong Auxiliary Air Force. Above, centre: The Queen's Colour and the Regimental Colour of the Hongkong Regiment.

BELOW: At the Defence Force Centenary Ball, held at RHKDF Headquarters. From right: Col. L. T. Rido, Commandant of the Force, HE the Governor, Mrs Newton Dunn, Lady Grantham, and Lt-Col. O. F. Newton Dunn, Deputy Commandant.

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OUTSIDE the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, where they were married last Saturday, Flying Officer Maurice Farrelly and his bride, formerly Miss Rosemary Grace Pearson, pose for photographers with their attendants. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, and Lady Grantham snapped with Dr Guldo Relli, Consul-General for Italy, at the Italian National Day reception held at Dr Relli's Deep Water Bay residence. (Staff Photographer)



JUST before his departure, Lt-General Sir Torrance Alray visited the Hongkong University's School of Architecture to present awards won by students. He is seen congratulating Mr Samm Lim, who is the winner this year of the Lee Hyatt Gold Medal for the best design. (Ming Yuen)



MR Fung Hon-chu and Mr John Yuen, respectively Presidents of the Rotary Clubs of Hongkong Island West and East, taken at the Joint Charter Night of the two organisations held at the Ritz last week. (Staff Photographer)

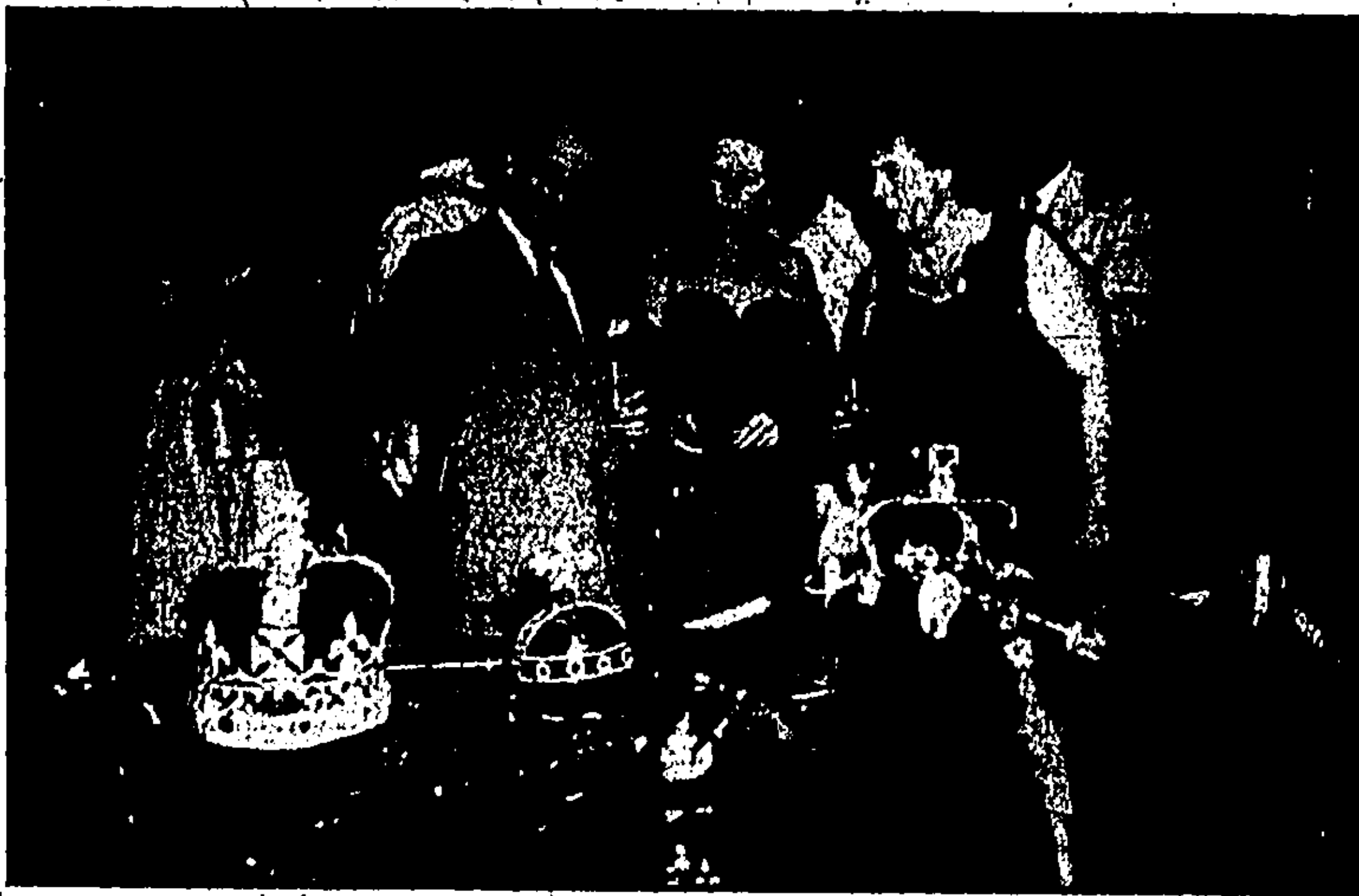


MEMBERS of the 1st Kowloon Girl Guide Company who attended the Commonwealth Youth Sunday service at St Andrew's Church last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



MRS T. L. Bowring presenting prizes at the Gun Club at home held last Sunday. Dr Li Shu-fai, President of the Club, is on the right. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Mr and Mrs E. A. Innes and Miss Elma Kelly inspecting the replicas of the Crown Jewels displayed at the cocktail party given by the British Overseas Airways Corporation. (Staff Photographer)



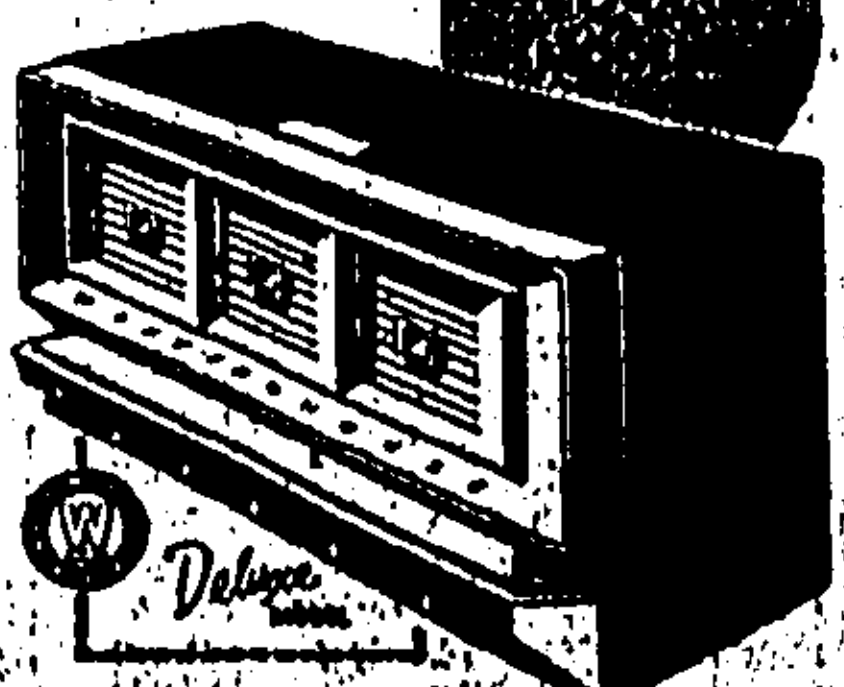
LEFT: A scene from the ballet, "The Curse of the Jewel," one of the highlights of the programme, "Ballet Shoes," presented by Miss Azalea Reynolds and her pupils at the King's Theatre last week. (Staff Photographer)

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LEFT: Mr Robert Whitcomb Healey and Miss Mary Lou Alden after their wedding at the English Methodist Church. The groom is an Attaché at the U.S. Embassy in Saigon. (Staff Photographer)

THE Commander, British Forces, Lieut. Gen. C. E. Sugden, (left), pictured on arrival at Queen's Pier on Monday. With him is the Air Officer, Commanding, Air Commodore R. C. Field. (Staff Photographer)

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OLD LOW'S CRYSTAL BALL -

THINGS TO COME

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GERMAN INDUSTRY SEEKS LEBENSRAUM

By Frederick Ellis

ONCE again the German nation is on the march for Lebensraum—seeking a place in the sun. But this time it is an industrial army seeking Lebensraum in the export markets of the world.

It is an army no less terrifying in its intentions than the Hitler military machine which overran Europe.

And Britain again is the major target. For it is from Britain's share of the export market that the big German victories can be gained.

Already Western Germany's share of the world's heavy engineering exports is back to pre-war at Britain's expense. For our postwar gain has been reaped by the eager-beaving Germans.

Everywhere you travel through this emerald-green country you see signs of the super-effort being made—by men and master.

On the Rheingold I rode to Cologne. There were two stenographers' fingers poised to pound the typewriter for travelling business men. And the service is available on Sundays. For time must not be wasted—time is but to work in.

A quick look at the German export figures will show little time is being lost in his latest blitzkrieg. Up . . . up . . . up they go.

Bombed Out

YET this is a nation whose industry at the end of the war was flat on its back like a dead whale, with acres of plants and factories bombed to rubble—and much of what was left carted away by the allies.

A country in which post-war inflation, until currency reform in 1948, paralysed even the task of getting going again. So what has happened has taken place in five years. From the ruins Western Germany is rising again to menace the trade of Britain and Empire.

There have been no miracles. No magic wands. A couple of days in Western Germany gives you the answer pat—HARD WORK.

Let not the British worker scowl at that—let him read of the facts, unpalatable though some may find them.

For the resurrection of Germany belongs to the worker—and his boss. They work with almost religious fervour—in the factories, in the steel works, and on the buildings that seem almost to rise in front of your startled eyes.

It is a German vice to work hard, the boss of one vast engineering plant told me. But walk round the shipyards here of the Howaldtswerke firm on an island in Hamburg's River Elbe.

For the German worker is proud. It is for export, a sister of the *Vine Onassis* (45,000 tons), owned by Greek millionaire Aristotle Onassis, the uncrowned prince of Monte Carlo.

Three Shifts

HERR Schecker says: "It will be launched in a fortnight. Just a year since the men started to work on it."

He quickly gives the explanation. "We work round the clock in this yard."

For the German worker is only too happy to work three shifts—and equally important, the trades unions are only too happy to let him.

Schecker's men work a nine-hour shift—the first starts at 7.30 a.m.—with only 45 minutes off for meal breaks. Lunchtime is only half an hour. For that, the skilled worker gets £8 a week without overtime.

But he works overtime for the extra pay with the enthusiasm usually reserved in Britain for filling in football pools.

As you walk around the yard hit by a thousand bullets in the way you cannot but be impressed by the spirit of enthusiasm of the German worker.

Never once did I see a man loading. Nor have I at other plants.

No wonder the German shipyards beat the daylight out of us in winning new ship orders. They are won on delivery dates that cannot be matched on the Clyde, the Mersey, the Tyne, where super-fatted order books tell the workers into believing that beams go on for ever at higher and higher prices.

These German yards have nothing else to offer, for their prices are the same, if not more, than in Britain. Lower German wages are offset by dearer steel.

But how I laughed when Herr Schecker accused the State-owned British coal mines of letting the steel industry have coal cheaply in order to keep British steel prices down!

I told him we would let him have all the coal he liked at the same price as British steel works—if he was mad enough to buy it.

In case the British boss class is feeling good about all this,

let him not be so smug. He could learn a thing or two from the German bosses.

Shipbuilder Schecker and his fellow-directors are in the yard at 11 a.m. every day. That is the rule for most German firms. Some of them get to work before eight. In near-mid-morning trains for them.

Full Pressure

HERE is Herr Schecker's formula for keeping his men working full pressure:

(1) Tell the workers truthfully all the facts. (2) Treat them as human beings and pay them as much as you can. (3) Keep them feeling sure of their jobs.

That policy, almost universal in German industry, pays off in 20:1 labour relations. And these have been remarkable in postwar Germany, where strikes are almost as rare as shop stewards.

In this postwar Germany there has been one big incentive lacking in Britain.

Germany was licked in the war. Factories, homes, jobs—the lot were lost. For five years they have been getting them back, often helped in homes by the firms they work for—and thus they will work hard to keep and improve them.

"Work or want" used to be the cry in Britain. In Germany they work mightily to end want.

THE CHAPMAN PINCHER COLUMN

WHAT KEEPS A BEE BUSY?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT—

DOPE FROM THE QUEEN

THE secret of how the queen bee keeps her subjects so fanatically loyal to her has been discovered by a British scientist.

She supplies them with a mysterious substance which they crave like dope. Dr Colin Butler, chief bee scientist at the famous research station at Rothamsted, Herts, announces.

This "queen substance" keeps the workers content while they toil for the community. Without a regular supply of the worker bees become irritable, shiftless, and disloyal to their queen.

Dr Butler believes that it is the inability of an aging queen bee to supply the workers with enough "queen substance" which makes them swarm.

They rear a new queen to supply the "dope" and then thousands of disloyal workers quit the hive with her.

The "queen substance" is in the special wax which covers the queen bee's body. The workers get their supplies by constantly licking her or from other workers who have done so. That is why they always seem to be so attentive.

First sure sign that the workers are starved of "dope" is a roaring sound in the hive made by hundreds of bees fanning with their wings.

Dr Butler has found that the "queen substance" which has not yet been isolated, can be rubbed off with a piece of cotton wool which then becomes as attractive to worker bees as the queen bee herself.

The bees must touch the queen to get the dope. If a queen bee is placed in a wire-mesh cage so that the workers can see her but cannot touch her they soon become dissatisfied and start to rear new queens.

Any egg-laying queen can supply the "dope" which explains why workers will accept a queen from another colony.

Dr Butler believes that the food which worker bees pass to one another in the hive contains "queen substance" and is a means of telling each other that all is well with the queen.

"Of all factors which help to keep the members of a colony together, the strong desire for 'queen substance' is probably the most important," Dr Butler writes in his magnificently illustrated book, *"The World of the Honeybee"* (Collins, 21s.).

There is no evidence that worker wasps or bumble-bees get "dope" from their queens, but ants and termites do.

TALL OR SHORT

NEW light on why the world's most forceful men are usually of short or medium stature comes from Oxford University doctors.

Careful study of human growth has shown that men who are below average in height reach physical maturity earlier than taller men.

Early physical maturity is often accompanied by a more mature outlook and extra drive. So the boy who grows up early may be quicker at getting ambition into perspective and is better endowed to pursue it with vigour.

Examples of shortish men of outstanding drive and accomplishment? Julius Caesar, Wellington, Nelson, Napoleon, Lloyd George, Mussolini, and Hitler were all of moderate height.

So often, too, in business and in the professions, the men at the top are not much more than shoulder-high to a six-footer.

Until now the dominance of short men has been explained mainly on the psychological principle that they unduly assert themselves to compensate for their lack of stature. This theory would seem to apply only to those who are so far below average height that they consciously feel inferior.

My own height? A regrettable 5ft. 11ins.

BANISHING FEAR

AN INDIAN drug which is said to banish fear, anxiety, and had longer to now being given to British patients.

This drug, called reserpine, was regularly used in a crude form by the late Mahatma Gandhi, and is believed to have been largely responsible for the Indian leader's astonishing composure.

A medical film shows the effects of giving the drug to a group of nervous monkeys. After a course of reserpine the monkeys became friendly and could be fed by hand.

The drug is being used in the treatment of high blood pressure and the relief of anxiety and violence in mental disorders.

Reserpine is extracted from the root of an Indian plant called *Rauwolfia*. Indians have used a crude extract of the root as a pleasant sedative for more than 1,000 years, but the pure drug was isolated only recently by Professor Emil Schittler, a Swiss research chemist.

ON THE BLACK

A MACHINE to help family doctors to diagnose their patients' ailments has been invented by Mr Firmin A. Nash, a London surgeon.

It consists of a frame to one side of which is fixed a list of 300 diseases, arranged in alphabetical order. The doctor examines the patient. Then he takes from a box a strip of wood marked with the name of the first symptom he has discovered.

When this strip is slipped into the frame black lines marked on it automatically fall opposite each disease characterised by that symptom.

The doctor puts in a separate strip of wood for each of the patient's symptoms in turn. The place where most black lines are massed together marks the disease most likely to be responsible.

TROUBLE SPOT

THE PRECISE source of a painful throb in a splitting headache has been tracked down by U.S. doctors. It is not in the nervous tissues of the brain, but in the walls of the blood vessels which nourish it.

Using a sensitive electronic instrument, Professor Harold Wolff found that when the pulse in the carotid artery increases the headache gets worse.

This type of headache is often caused by worry and overwork.

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25 HIT SONGS IN FIVE YEARS

By Robert Harris



ROBERT MERRILL
Twenty-five hits in five years.

THE man who gave the world the song hit "How Much Is That Doggie in The Window?" has come to London to spend some of the million dollars which the world (rather extravagantly) has given him.

His name is Robert Merrill. Hardly anyone noticed his arrival. Hardly anyone knew his name. Who exactly is Mr Merrill? He might be described as a song tycoon. Writer seems an inadequate term to describe his activities in the musical stratosphere of Tin Pan Alley.

In five years he has written 25 hit songs, some of them on a miniature xylophone which he carries around with him. The Doggie song, written in 20 minutes flat, earned \$8,000,000 altogether.

I found this one-man industry to be a soft-spoken, courteous American bachelor of 32.

Simple Living

"I like to live pretty simple," he said to me. A lavender-colored star ruby, the size of a Brazil nut, managed to look inconspicuous on his left hand. A pearl no bigger than a baked bean was pinned discreetly near the bottom of his black sports tie.

Seriously, Mr Merrill is less opulent. He wears, with permanent casualness, a single-breasted blue suit of some light

material, a floppy-collared shirt, and moccasin "loafer" shoes with tasselled leather laces, which, it seems, are all the rage among smart American males just now.

"I don't own a tuxedo," says Mr Merrill without shame, "and, best of all, I like to look around a little island retreat off New York in a cotton shirt, while duck pants, and bare feet. Don't think I'm a recluse, though."

I hadn't. I asked Mr Merrill to tell me more about the simple life as led by successful American song-writers.

Goldfish Bowl

"Well, you know," he said, "I was a hobo for a couple of years, though my father was wealthy—I've lived on four dollars a week."

Now that he earns 4,000 dollars a week what is life like?

"I guess it's a little like living in a goldfish bowl. In New York I don't live so simple," he confessed.

"Yes, I have got a penthouse—I used to belong to a million-dollar hotel owner. I have a rather fabulous bathroom—probably the largest in the world—made of Spanish brick. It looks like the inside of a castle. And the bath, which is big enough for three, is enclosed in New Orleans glass. I have a little lounge in a corner and gym equipment and that sort of thing."

He has five other rooms in addition. And a sun terrace.

A Problem

The bobby-soxers are a problem. "I'm pretty well known in America. I'm one of the permanent members of one of the top panel shows, *Songs for Sale*. So I don't have much privacy in my life."

Mr Merrill did not sound particularly worried by the lack of privacy in his life. In London his privacy will not be unduly disturbed.

How does he like being out of the limelight?

"I came here to get away from that sort of thing," he says.

THESE SPORTS CARS AREN'T SPORTING

By GILBERT ELLIS

An independent young man called Donald Healey has sparked off a crisis in the sports-car racing world.

Young Mr Healey is the owner of the name you see linked with Austin on the low-slung bonnet of one of Britain's newest sports-cars. And with David Brown (Aston Martin and Lagonda) and Sidney Allard, he is one of the white hopes of the country's sports-car industry.

Cars bearing his name, the business-like Silverstone Healey, probably the best known, have been produced in quantities of 100,000. Healey's cars are linked with Austin to produce the Austin Healey 1000.

HISTORY-MAKER

The 1000 was something of a history-maker when it first appeared. For it brought the sports-car much nearer the purchasing range of the not-so-rich car enthusiast.

Up till then Jaguar had been king of the particular world, with the new XK 120 bridging the gap between the comparatively low-priced MG and the strictly upper-medium bracket production like the Aston Martin. Even the 1000, including tax, cost £1,500.

The Austin Healey came into the market at just over the £1,000 mark. For look at the bears' favourite expression with any profession in the world. And the thing of it is, it is still there.

Von Nida To Play At Moortown

Norman Von Nida, the Australian golfer, makes his first appearance of the year in an English tournament when he appears at Moortown, Leeds, on June 9-11, in the competition sponsored by the Yorkshire Evening News.

Last year's winner, Flory Van Donck of Waterloo, is again playing and the field will include most leading British professionals.

(London Express Service)



LEAGUE BOWLS

Keen Competition This Afternoon In All Three Divisions

By "TOUCHER"

The Lawn Bowls League season enters its fifth week this afternoon with further promise of keen competition in all the three divisions.

In the First Division at least five of the nine participating teams — Revereio "Blues" and "Whites", CCC, KCC and PRC — seem to be well in the running, and I won't be surprised if the Kowloon Bowling Green Club squad comes in as the sixth contender as the season progresses.

In the Second Division only six points separate the leading Revereio team from seventh-placed KBGC. That eighth-placed Tatsoo did manage to give Revereio an extremely close game last Saturday, when the documents lost only on the last head in the aggregate, is ample evidence of how evenly matched the teams in the division are.

It is only in the Third Division that the disparity among the teams is well marked. USRC, IRC, CCC and HKFC, with a preponderance of newly initiated bowlers, will undoubtedly occupy the bottom places of the League table, but I am not sure if these are the people who will derive full enjoyment from their matches.

TODAY'S GAMES
Two First Division games will top this afternoon's programme of 13 matches.

At Revereio, Kowloon Bowling Green Club, who disappointed badly against Revereio "Whites" a couple of weeks ago when they

were blanked by 5-0, will have an opportunity to make amends this afternoon against the Revereio "Blues".

On paper the "Blues" are a much tougher proposition for the Bowling Green Club, but on the other hand two weeks of League matches will, I think, find the Club players in much better playing form this afternoon.

Revereio is fielding the same team that defeated IRC last week, but KBGC, though fielding the same players, have a number of players reshuffled seemingly for the better.

The Revereio "Blues" will start as favourites, but a surprise win by the KBGC is not out of the question as both Harvey's and McKelvie's rinks are capable of taking the points on their good day.

The other top match of the week will be that between KCC and IRC at Cox's Road. Though seven points behind Revereio "Blues", the Cricket Club still has two matches in hand and a 5-0 win this afternoon will place it in a better position than either the Revereio "Blues" or Revereio "Whites".

Incidentally the Kowloon Cricket Club is the only Club up to now which is still unbeaten in all the three divisions.

The Cricket Club will have Jimmy Wong back in the team today and will have the advantage of having a regular team out, whereas the Indians are again reshuffling their rinks. A 4-1 if not a 5-0 win is indicated for the Cricket Club.

In the other two First Division games, a slightly weakened PRC team hold a very slight edge over Kowloon Docks and Revereio "Whites" may be fully expected by the Filipino Club.

With Revereio expected to take full points from the Police, interest in the Second Division games will be centred on that between the unbeaten KCC team and IRC. Both are evenly matched, with the Cricket Club

OXFORD CREW TO ROW AT GOTHENBURG

Oxford University has accepted an invitation from the Gothenburg Athletic Federation for a crew to take part in their eight miles distance race on September 12.

This will be rowed in conditions resembling the tidalway and appears to have been modelled on the University Boat Race. An Isis crew, including one or two Blues, is likely to make the trip.

YORKSHIRE TO LOSE CLOSE FOR TWO WEEKS

Brian Close, Yorkshire and England all-rounder, has received notice that he must attend for 14 days National Service Territorial Army training from July 3 to 17.

Close, who toured Australia with the last MCC side, is in the running to make a second tour at the end of this season. Recently he appeared for the MCC against Pakistan at Lord's.

(London Express Service)

By Reg. Wootton

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

IT HAS BEEN A LONG AND TEDIOUS SEASON BUT NOT AN UNEVENTFUL ONE

By I. M. MacTAVISH

The season is over. It has been a long and tedious one but it has certainly never been uneventful. There has been enough incident and speculation to satisfy everyone and in most traditional style it has finished on a red-hot controversial note... both in the legislative chamber and on the field.

It is now common knowledge that the Hongkong Football Association has voted against the employment of Mr Tom Sneddon as a full-time coach. It is no part of my intention to suggest that the Council was right or wrong in its decision... and I offer no criticism of the Association in this domestic matter for theirs is the sort of decision that leaves us with the question—Where do we go from here?

Actually there is no surprise about the outcome of the vote for it has been known for some time that there was a powerful influence against Mr Sneddon's engagement... and it seems that others who were originally more conservative in their outlook were eventually brought within the orbits of the contra influence.

For a long time a contemporary and well informed columnist has stressed the fickleness of many local officials who are always ready to put their hands up in support of this, or against that, suggestion, provided that by so doing they are in the party!

I do not pretend to be an expert in such things but I, and many others, are not convinced that the present decision is in the best interests of Hongkong football... Like in the old song... time alone will tell... I hope it doesn't have to tell a tale of remotest regret.

SAD BLOW
The game between the two Asian Games representative sides raised under different banners in the Colony provided a sad blow to those who predicted that the Nationalist China side would score a clear-cut triumph over their Hongkong counterparts.

The Asian Games Champions left the field at the end of play with a badly disillusioned lot. What had been confidently predicted to them as a mere formality and a chance to parade their superiority turned out to be as tough an assignment as they are likely to encounter in a long time... and they must surely regard themselves as indeed fortunate to scrape out a face-saving draw.

THE PROGRAMME
First Division
KBGC v Revereio "Blues"
KCC v IRC
PRC v KCC
Revereio "Whites" v FC
CCC (bye)

Second Division
KBGC v CCC
KCC v IRC
TC v HKFC
USRC v KBGC
Revereio v PRC

Third Division
IRC v FC
HKFC v USRC
KBGC v CCC
CCC v PRC

ALEC BEDSER'S COLUMN

Arthur McIntyre Seems To Specialise In Strange Dismissals

Charlie Palmer, Leicestershire secretary-captain, who was MCC Manager in the West Indies, has been dismissed in a remarkable fashion in successive matches against Surrey, my own county. Last season Palmer who used to be a schoolmaster, cut an off-break from Tom Clark on to the forehead of Arthur McIntyre, the wicket-keeper. From McIntyre's head it went to backward short leg where Stuart Surridge took an easy catch.

I remember Charlie's remark at the time: "Well, I'm not likely to get out THAT way again." But he did. At the Oval the other day Palmer tried to sweep Tony Lock to leg. He connected all right but again McIntyre got in the way. The ball hit him smack in the middle of the forehead—and Palmer was caught in the leg-trap!

McIntyre reeled but stayed on his feet. It was an odd present for the little wicket-keeper on his 36th birthday. And he was Surrey's acting captain. He seems to specialise in strange dismissals for against Sussex he caught George Cox in the top of his pads. He appeared as he only took the ball out of the pads!

LONG CASUALTY LIST
As I forecast in a recent column, here the severe and changeable weather in England has led to a long casualty list.

I have been down with a stomach chill, Peter May had a rash on his leg, Godfrey Evans a rash on his shoulder and both Des Bannick, who stands on the England side, and his Northants colleague, fast bowler Frank Tyson, have been down with pulled muscles recently.

I am glad to report that Paul Gibb, the former England and Yorkshire wicketkeeper and now a professional with Essex, is making an excellent recovery from a fractured cheekbone. On the credit side is the return of Yorkshire's Bob Appleyard who was put out of the game for two years with a serious illness. His comeback is a triumph.

England must rely chiefly on experienced batsmen—at least there is a good case for this—and another who has been hitting the headlines is Reg Simpson, the Nottingham batsman, who has been a beautiful stroke player when he gets going and he recently performed the feat of a century before lunch.

When the luck of a county is out nothing goes right. Somerset have been at the foot of the table for the last two years and were beaten in their opening matches.

Then Harold Gimblett, their star batsman, suffered a general breakdown in health and was ordered a complete rest from cricket. He has been temporarily released from his contract and intends to get away from the game for a spell.

It's bad luck for Gimblett and Somerset who have so many overseas players now that they are dubbed the League of Nations. Among them are Digger McMillan from Adelaide, Wright from British Guiana, and Colin McCook the former Australian Test player who is in the act of qualifying for them.

Many think he should play in all four Tests with Pakistan this summer in order to gain experience. But the second Test coincides with the Varsity match which he could hardly be asked to miss, and it is quite feasible that he might make the third and fourth Tests if he maintains his current form.

ENGLAND NEEDS THEM
England needs young batsmen and bowlers with many supporters in the ranks. In addition to the returning players, he has a number of promising youngsters who are making a name for themselves. One of them is Bill Lawton, who has been making a name for himself in the first-class matches. He is a right-handed batsman and a fast bowler. He is a promising prospect for the future.

(London Express Service)

This is the Colony in pictures

NOW READY

SOUTHERN MORNING

HONG & KOWLOON

POP



Sam game



Don't risk your sight—it cannot be replaced.

HENRY COTTON JOINS STAFF OF TEMPLE CLUB

Henry Cotton, three times Open Golf Champion, has joined the staff of Temple Club, near Hong Kong. Cotton, who is 47, has been wicketkeeper since he left Royal Wootton Bassett two years ago.

(London Express Service)

IT WAS A GOOD TIP

My tip about the American's interest in visiting the Far East turned out to be a good one much sooner than I had expected.

Getting On In Years? —You Can Still Get On In Golf

Says BERNARD HUNT

My father—you see him in the picture here—can still keep up with me from the tee in spite of the attentions of Anno Domini. But I have to confess he has to resort to a little trickery to do it. But then there is no reason why YOU shouldn't try the same trick. It is merely the using of a very high tee, and learning to hit the ball on the upswing from off the toe of the left foot. Instead of the usual position opposite the heel.

This idea of using the high tee and hitting the ball on the "up" produces a remarkable amount of top spin, and while I make the ball travel further in the air Dad's drive usually rolls as well, that there is very little in the final result. I think it is well worth trying. It might take a little while to master properly but once you've got the feel of hitting on the "up" you will be surprised and pleased by the results.

Now although I have been playing golf for the first time, I feel, as a young golfer, that I have just been proving my brilliant exception to the rule. It is a simple fact that as you get older you lose your strength and takes something out of the hitting snip out of the way and hands of most golfers. I while Dad does his trick and keep up from the tee he cannot quite get his old length off the fairway. But that does not worry him.

He has done what all golfers should do—he has accepted his years philosophically and goes fully and has concentrated on the fine golf which still has comfortably within his power. What he loses in length with his second shot, for instance, he makes up for by the accuracy of his pitching and chipping and putting.

Dad insists that there is no excuse for "age" in those who round the green. If you know your course, he claims that the strange courses, the aging eye is not so reliable for judging distances. But on your own course in "old one", using the intelligence and experience accumulated down the years, you can be as deadly as ever he was.

The Greatest Rugby League Player Of Our Time

By PETER EDWARDS

Ask the miners from the Lancashire coalfields, the woolen workers from Yorkshire, or the farmers from the Cumberland fells: "Who is the greatest Rugby player of our time?" And the answer will be "Brian Bevan."

Yes, they will argue Bevan against the top men of Rugby Union, against the other stars of his professional Rugby League.

They will tell you that the shy, quietly-spoken 29-year-old Australian has proved himself supreme in the toughest of sports; that the incredible scoring machine has gone on year after year, no matter the quality of play, success, or failure of his club.

Who is this man, this Stanley Matthews—for his stature stands as high—of Rugby League football, this No. 1 box office attraction, who pulled in the fans at Windsor Park, Belfast, and Dalymount Park, Dublin, for the exhibition games between Warrington and Halifax?

LITTLE CHANCE

Warrington signed him during the war, when he was in the Navy. He came back in 1946. And when the fans saw him they gave him little chance in the tough business of professional Rugby.

At 21 his hair was thinning, his slightly-stooped walk and slim build belied the strength and stamina of this artist of wing three-quarter play.

But once he had the ball in his hands they gazed in wonder. The tremendous speed, deceptive change of pace, a side-step or swerve off either foot, were to make Bevan the terror of defences wherever he went.

These have been the golden years for Warrington. They won the Rugby League Championship in 1947-8, were runners-up in '49 and '51, took time off in between to win the Challenge Cup in 1950.

This season has topped them all. They have brought off the elusive double of Cup and League, beating Halifax in both finals, and have also won the Lancashire League, Halifax are the Yorkshire League Champions.

(London Express Service)

THIS IS WRONG



You have seen this horrible position a thousand times on the first tee every Sunday morning. Note the immobility and stiffness in legs, hips, shoulders. There is no sign of a natural pivot and the shot develops into a lurch of the body which usually brings the head of the club into the ground behind the ball.

THIS IS RIGHT



If you can walk you can pivot. Try it. There is nothing acrobatic about it. The hips have turned and so have the shoulders. Result is that the hands are right and the body is set for a proper swing. Older golfers CAN pivot. Try it. It will help your golf whether you are seventeen or seventy—but especially if you are upward of 50.

Freedom Of Moscow For These Footballers

By J. W. TAYLOR

Everything is all set for a memorable June day. The players of the Kilmarnock Football Club, runners-up to Motherwell, champions of Division "B" of the Scottish League, are to receive the Freedom of Moscow. What is more, they are to play the Dynamos Football Club and another Moscow eleven right on the banks of the Volga.

It happened like this. Malcolm McDonald, man who helped bring about such a change for the better in the waning fortunes of the Kilmarnock Club, answered the phone the day he realised with considerable personal satisfaction that his boys had become the season's runners-up in the Division.

The Voice said ever so sweetly: "This is Moscow calling. Mr. McDonald."

Now Mr McDonald has endured some shocks in his time as a Soccer club manager, but this really was electric. Before he could look up the Russian for "who's speaking?" the Voice went on:

"This is Moscow speaking. We have been watching the progress of your team during the season. We are delighted with your success, and invite you to come to Moscow and receive the Freedom. This invitation is sponsored by the Dynamos football club of Moscow, and you are asked to arrange to meet them in a match."

After calling upon an astonished office boy to thump him on the back to make sure he wasn't really dreaming, Malcolm could only mutter something about Iron Curtains, passports, visas and such.

"Tut-tut," said the Voice soothingly, "everything will be arranged for you—you do not need passports or visas on this occasion. As for 'Iron Curtains'—we do not understand. We do not have them in Moscow. However, come to the Volga and fraternise with us in the spirit of good companionship. Special accommodation will be reserved for you all and you will receive the Freedom keys at the boundary."

It did seem to Mr McDonald that this had gone far enough—a Russian speaking over the phone from Moscow in perfectly good Scotch, so he found it necessary to ask a few terse questions clearly to indicate that practical jokes were not appreciated at the Kilmarnock headquarters.

The Voice was not at all upset; lost none of its politeness, and, more important, was so truthful in reply that Malcolm again requested the office boy to give him another thump. Strange, but nevertheless true—it was the Dynamos football club of Moscow on the banks of the Volga offering his boys the Freedom of Moscow!

There was nothing for it but to offer to consult his directors and ring back the Moscow Club later. And thus it was arranged to accept the Freedom of Moscow and to play the Dynamos team and another Moscow eleven on the banks of the Volga in June.

There is, of course, no mystery at all about this affair with a Russian flavour. This Moscow from whence came The Voice, is a pretty little Ayrshire village 18 miles from Glasgow and 2½ miles short of Galston—and the villagers are all fans of the Kilmarnock football club, whose recent successes have delighted them so much.

The Dynamos is the name of the village school senior team, whose pitch is close to the banks of a river that is called the Volga!

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THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby

LAST THURSDAY Do you take your wife too much for granted? Try wooing her as you did before you were married.

I'll do it! I'll make that my New Year Resolution.

TODAY STAY IN BED DARLING, AND I'LL BRING YOU YOUR BREAKFAST.

NO, NO, DEAR, LET ME MAKE UP THE BOILER.

I'VE WASHED THE YARD SO THAT YOU WON'T GET YOUR SHOES DIRTY.

WHERE DO YOU WANT ME TO FIX THAT SHELF, DEAR?

I'LL LAY THE TABLE, DAVE.

NOW YOU SIT DOWN WHILE I WASH UP.

NO, DEAR, I'LL GET THE TEA.

BUT LATER, SO, BUT IT'S SO UNLIKE YOU, GEORGE, I KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG AND YOU WON'T EVEN TELL ME WHAT IT IS.

Here is:—



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WINNING TEAM SENDS UP PRODUCTION.

Speaking on the "F.S.D. of Football" at a recent lunch of the Bristol Round Table Club, Mr Harry Dolman, chairman of Bristol City F.C., said: "Factory production increases when the local football team is winning. Sports is so much a part of our lives that the results of matches have an effect on the workers' happiness."

"If their favourite team is winning they work better. Don't ask me what happens when their side loses, although we are fortunate in Bristol in that we have two leading professional football sides, and they don't often lose on the same day!"

He added that professional football was a big business. Many clubs employed 70 to 80 people in various capacities, and a team like his needed an average "gate" of 15,000 a week to keep them out of financial trouble. He estimated that if Bristol City was playing in the First Division the extra people drawn into the city each Saturday would spend £250,000 a year in local shops.

BUTTERFIELD and SWIRE.

CHINA NAVIGATION CO., LTD.			
"HUPH" Sails to Tientsin	8 a.m.	8th June	
"HANYANG" Sails to Bangkok	10 a.m.	9th June	
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"HANYANG" Sails to Kobe	2 p.m.	7th June	
A.O. LINE LTD./C.N. CO., LTD., JOINT SERVICE			
"CHANGSHA" Sails to Japan Ports	Noon	7th June	
"TAIPING" Arr. from Australia & Manila		20th June	

BLUE FUNNEL LINE			
Scheduled Sailings to Europe via Aden & Port Said			
	Leads	Sails	
"PYRRHUS" Sails to Havre, Liverpool & Glasgow	A-7	8th June	
"AENEAS" Sails to Liverpool & Glasgow	13th June	14th June	
"EUMAEUS" Sails to Liverpool & Glasgow	23rd June	24th June	
"TELEUS" Sails to Liverpool & Glasgow	6th July	7th July	
"AGAPENOR" Sails to Liverpool & Glasgow	13th July	14th July	

Scheduled Sailings from Europe			
Sails	Leads	Arrives	
"ASCANIUS" Sails to Liverpool	13th June	14th June	
"AGAPENOR" Sails to Liverpool	22nd June	23rd June	
"CALCHAS" Sails to Liverpool	30th June	1st July	
"ADRASTUS" Sails to Liverpool	8th July	9th July	
"PATROCLUS" Sails to Liverpool	12th June	13th July	
"BELLEROPHON" Sails to Liverpool	23rd July	24th July	

Carriers' option to proceed via other ports to load and discharge cargo. Rotation of Ports in Japan and Indonesia at ship's option.

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"DONA AURORA" Sails to Liverpool	17th June	18th June	
"DONA ALICIA" Sails to Liverpool	24th June	25th June	
"BATAAN" Sails to Liverpool	13th June	14th June	
"MUNCASTER CASTLE" Sails to Liverpool	28th June	29th June	

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Sails	Leads	Arr. H.K.	
"HAINAN" Sails to Liverpool	19th June	20th June	
"MYRMIDON" Sails to Liverpool	26th June	27th June	
"DONA AURORA" Sails to Liverpool	3rd July	4th July	

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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE



MISSING! YOU SOLVE the ATOM CRIME...

By JOHN BODLE

PROFESSOR X, chief of the Eastford Atomic Research Laboratory, is missing. It is up to the Detection Squad—and that means YOU—to find him.

The professor disappeared on Monday, May 17. The police searched his cottage for clues, without success, and learned that he was last seen at church on the morning of the previous day.

On Tuesday morning the vicar received a postcard from Paris. You see it above; study it.

Later the same day the police found the professor's glasses near the Eastford main road. They were broken.

Next they learned that the local blacksmith had seen a big red car pass his smithy on Sunday afternoon. It was going towards Eastford Road.

The police questioned the point-duty policeman at High Street Junction and the A.A. man at London Road Junction about this car. Both denied having seen it.

Well, those are the facts of this Case of the Missing Professor. Now go over them again, study the map, and answer two questions: (1) What has happened to Professor X? (2) WHERE IS HE?

(Solution on Page 20)

Practice Is Needed For This Stunt

THIS stunt will furnish amusement at your next "gang session," but here's a tip. Practice at home until you can perform like a professional.

Equip yourself with a small empty bottle such as maraschino cherries are packed in. Also a sheet of heavy white paper approximately the size of a dollar note.

Place the paper on a flat surface, preferably a bare table top. Balance the inverted bottle near the centre of the paper, and ask if anyone would like to try his luck at removing the paper without touching the bottle with the hands or upsetting it. Several will want to try, but it is doubtful if anyone succeeds.

When it is your turn, begin at one end and carefully roll the paper towards the bottle. As you continue to roll, the bottle will be pushed along until it is removed from the paper. If you keep your fingers at the ends of the paper roll you will not touch the bottle with your hands. The secret is to work slowly and carefully.

Your Own Outdoor Circus

WHAT is more exciting than going to the circus, with its big tent and waving flags, the milling crowds, the clowns and animals, the pink-candy cones, the hot, buttery popcorn, freshly popped and smelling so good?

Of course, all of that is fun, but we can't go to a circus very often. How would you like to turn your own backyard into a "big top" with a real circus ring? Gather around and let's plan a circus party.

Cut invitation folders with a clown's head on the front of each. Sketch the outlines with ink or a crayola. The party message might say: "Bozo brings tidings of circus fun."

The place—your house, at two. A circus character? You can be one.

Dress funny, I'm looking for you. Change the words of the rhyme to suit your needs. Giving the day and time that you desire.

ANIMAL GUESTS: As the guests arrive, pin an animal picture on the back of each, but don't let anyone know what animal he is wearing. To identify himself, a guest must go to someone and ask him to imitate the sound of his animal for him. When he guesses correctly, the sound of his animal when spoken to until everyone has been identified.

BALLOON RACE: Next, seat the guests and give each a balloon.

Add Song Title To Complete Jive Journey

Vacation time is near, but since you still can't take a real trip, substitute this one on the wings of song.

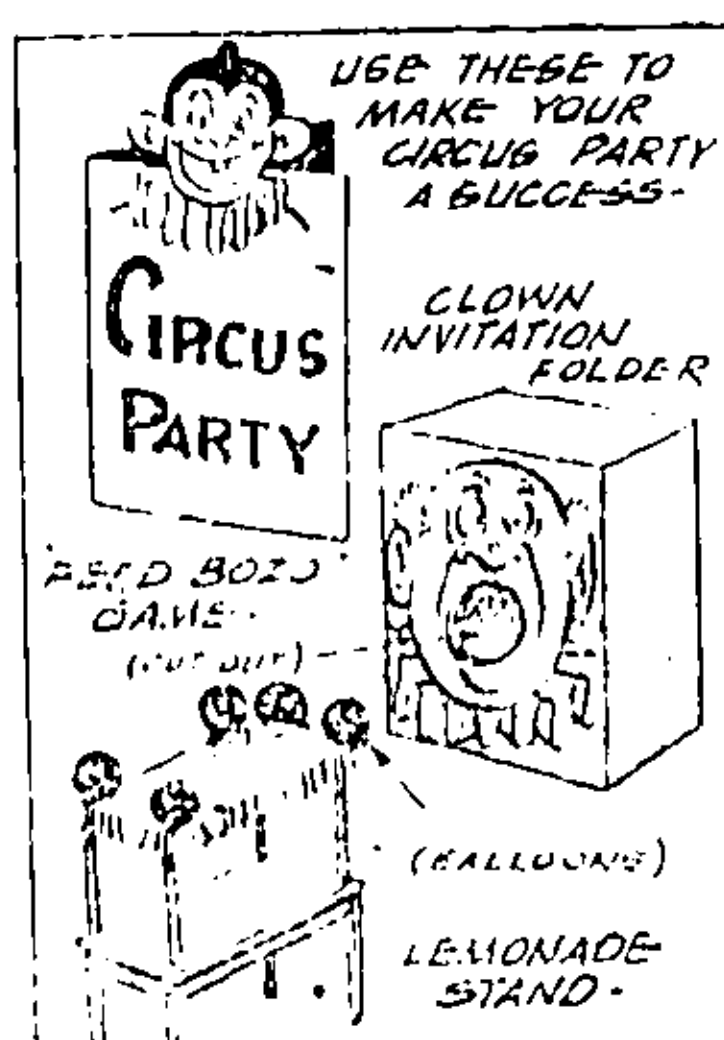
Each of the following song titles needs a method of transportation to complete it. Can you supply the missing vehicle in each case? Which one would you choose for your real journey?

1. Swing Low Sweet —
2. On A — Built For Two
3. Slow — to China
4. —Door Canteen
5. Mule —
6. In My Merry —
7. — Round The Bend
8. Chattanooga —
9. — With The Fringe On Top
10. On The Good—Lollipop

(Solutions: Page 20)

ODD ONE

"We've got a baby with two feet, but he can't walk," said Jean.
"That's nothing," Joe answered. "At our house we have something with three feet and it can't walk either."
"Three feet, Joe?"
"Sure! It's a yardstick."



costume show. March all the guests before a judge's stand (your mother or those who are helping with the party). Let them select the best costume and award a prize.

The show is over. It's time to eat. Serve the guests from a gay lemonade stand made from a small table covered with a canopy. Make this from strips of wood, crepe paper, and inflated balloons. There should be a huge box of frosted pink lemonade and stacks and stacks of sugary doughnuts. Have plenty because circus people get very hungry, you know.

Everyone's Sorry For Jack

—They Think He Needs a Bigger House to Live In—

By MAX TRELL

EVERYONE in the playroom agreed that Jack should have a new home.

"I don't see how he can stand the place he's living in now," Mary-Jane the rag doll said. "It's just a box. That's what it is—just a box!"

"And as though living in a box weren't bad enough," said the tin soldier who always stood on guard at the playroom door, "it's got a cover on it. If I had to live in a box like that I don't know how I'd breathe!"

Only Made of Tin

"You don't breathe anyway, old boy," Mr. Punch reminded the tin soldier. "You're only made of tin, you know. But, just the same, I don't approve of the box that Jack is living in. There isn't room enough for a potato bug let alone for Jack. Poor fellow, we've got to find a bigger place for him."

Everyone joined in to say that they certainly must find a bigger place for poor Jack. It was the China Doll who had the best suggestion. "I have a large house all to myself. He can have one of the upstairs rooms. It looks out on the geranium plant and the canary cage. I'm sure he'll find it very pleasant. He can move in as soon as he moves out of his dreadful box."

It was decided that the sooner Jack moved in the upstairs room, in Miss China Doll's house, the happier he would be. So they called in the cat and got her to lift the latch on the cover of the box. She didn't see much sense to it, but she did it.

The instant the cover was lifted, Jack sprang up. He



Jack clapped his hands and stood up in the box, smiling.

clapped his hands together. He stood up in the box, smiling. All the other toys, who had expected to see him look crushed, were disappointed to find him in such good spirits. And even before the tin soldier could start to tell him about the pleasant upstairs room in the doll house that looked out on the geranium and the canary cage, Jack-in-the-Box announced:

"This has been a very nice visit. And now will someone please put down the cover of my box again? I don't know how all of you can get along standing out in the open like this. It's like living in the middle of a meadow. I'd like to be back in my comfortable little room."

So they didn't say a word, but got the cat to sit down on the cover of Jack's box and snapped the latch on again. She didn't see much sense to that, either!

Rupert and Billy Goat—3



Moving closer, Rupert sees that the constable is looking intently at some footprints through a magnifying glass. "Oh please, what are you looking at? And why are you using that thing?" asks the little bear. The constable straightens up and looks stern. "It is no



business of yours," he says. "But if you must know, all good detectives use magnifying glasses, and what I'm looking for is clues!" "Co, how exciting!" cries Rupert. "What sort of clues? Has anything happened?" "Do you

A new story

Rupert and the Wild Goose Chase

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"TRESILLIAN"	7th July	U.K.
"SOUDAN"	10th July	U.K.

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YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JUNE 5

BORN today, you are fond of activity and excitement. You like something interesting going on all the time. Unless you curb this tendency, you are apt to be in hot water most of the time. You do have the facility for getting out safely—hard landing on both feet—but you would save a lot of effort and trouble if you kept out of it all in the first place. Put a curb on your impulsiveness and you will find life becomes a little simpler. Significant occurrences which may change the entire trend of your life can occur in your eighteenth, twenty-fifth and thirty-second years.

Since you are, by nature, a good organizer, you could be chosen to be put in charge of important projects. You have excellent executive powers and know how to make others co-operate with you. Since you are a good judge of character and can size up a person accurately at first sight, you would make a good director of personnel. You are reliable and can be counted on to finish any job which you have begun. You expend nervous energy so lavishly that you are the type to build up tensions rather easily. Learn to relax.

Among those who were born on this date are Igor Stravinsky, composer; Velázquez, artist; George T. Angell, founder of the Humane Society; Roger Babson, author; and Columbus Delano, statesman.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JUNE 6

GEMINI (May 21-June 21)—Don't mar the day with a lot of fuss. The matter needs freshening, too. Going to church?

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Change of mental activity can do a great deal for you. Draw your energies and your ambitions.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Your family circle should offer you pleasures which will bring lasting happiness just now.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—The signs are definitely in your favour. You can do almost anything you wish today, and be successful.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—If driving home today, make a point to get an early start and avoid the last-minute rush.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Enjoy, thoroughly, the beauties of the country. A real day of rest is what you need.

BORN today, your understanding of a birthday is, originally, of thought as well as of many of these born under your sign. And, with you, there is a capability of instrumentation so that you know how to develop all latent talent that lies within you. You might be highly successful in the field of invention, although you have artistic and literary gifts as well.

Your sense of justice is keen and your powers of analysis are marked; all this plus your ability to gather facts and present them in a highly entertaining manner may enable you to become a crusading writer whose pen belongs to that group which can be mightier than the sword in influencing your own times.

Your emotional nature is strong and it is likely that you will fall in love deeply at some time in your life. It could be love at first sight, too. Be sure that you do not mistake infatuation for love.

Among those who were born on this date are Thomas Mann, author; Nathan Hale, patriot; Will James, author-artist; Bruno Klein, pianist; John Trumbull, artist; Samuel D. Neyman and Daniel Beach, educators.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JUNE 7

GEMINI (May 21-June 21)—Make concessions if you get into an argument. You might win out in the long run, if you do.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Even if you have a rugged day ahead of you, that restful week-end just past will give you strength.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—You may find that you need to pay a little more strict attention to detail work. Be careful.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Better not to make any sudden change just now. Stick to the familiar routine for the best possible progress.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Be ready to start the new week with energy and enthusiasm. There is a lot to be done.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—If you are determined to make progress, you can do just that. It's a very good day.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—There are rewards aplenty waiting for you. Just discover where they are and go out after them.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—If you find yourself becoming too narrow in your outlook, read widely to expand your mental horizons.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—If you aren't feeling up to scratch today don't blame the

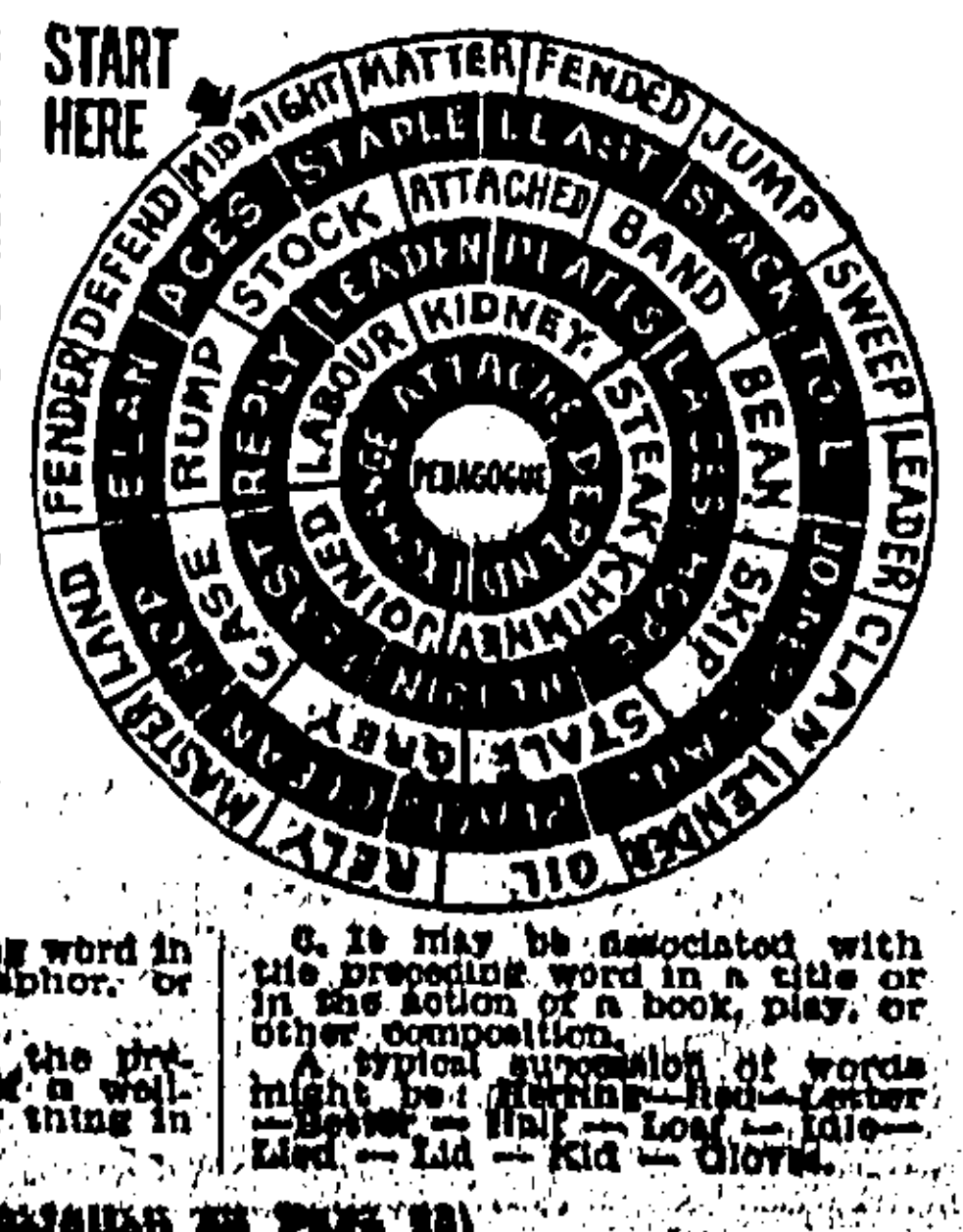
DUMB BELLS

I WAS JUST THINKING HOW FORTUNATE IT IS THAT PEOPLE LOSE THEIR MINDS BEFORE THEY ARE PUT IN ASYLUMS.



DART WORDS

YOU have a MID-NIGHT start for DARTWORDS today, with PABLO as the first word. In the first word to the last you have to use all the letters in the word, changing them in such a way that the relationship between any word and the one next to it is governed by one of his titles.



RULES
1. The word may be as long as the word that precedes it.
2. It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.
3. It may be found by adding one letter or subtracting one from, or changing one letter in the preceding word.
4. It may be associated with the preceding word in a synonymic, antonymic, or associative way.
5. It may form, with the preceding word, a new word, name, or phrase.
6. It may be a word in the same or opposite sense of the preceding word.

(Illustration on page 18)



"I'm sorry, Emil, but the answer is still no!"

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Learn to Handle The Psychic Bid

By OSWALD JACOBY

TODAY I present another quotation from my brand-new book, "New in Bridge." The subject of the double is not altogether new, but it is the most important single feature of anybody's bidding, so it will be of interest to my readers, even if it isn't completely new to them.

Perhaps an opponent occasionally slips up as a psychic overcall against you. When you spot the psychic, you can usually show it up by doubling for penalties. In this situation, however, you can only what you can beat.

Let's take an example in today's hand.

When South has three diamonds, West should pass. He has already shown the nature of his hand by doubling two hearts and three clubs. This failure to double three diamonds will now be highly informative to East.

This pass will go against the gain with most bridge players. They have the smell of blood in their nostrils, and they pile right into South's trap.

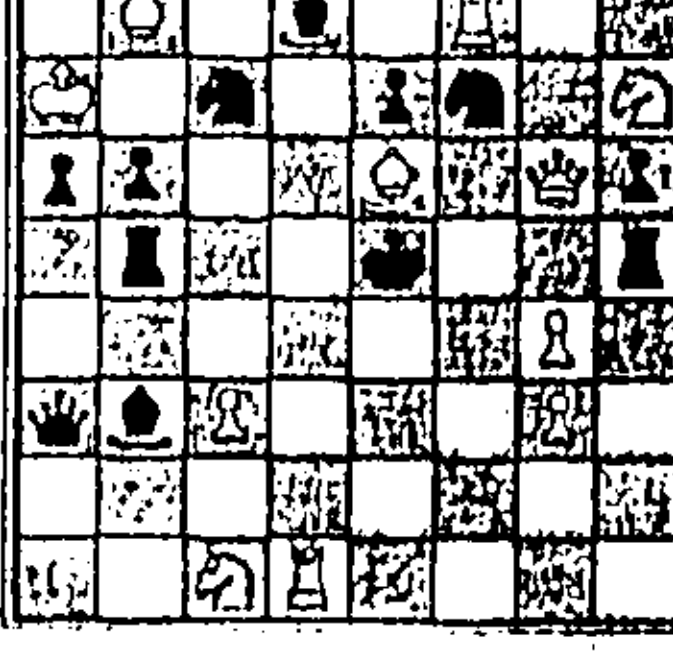
South is delighted to play the hand at three diamonds doubled.

NORTH 2			
♠ K 10 9 3			
♥ 10 8 7 3			
♦ 2			
♣ J 10 7 4			
WEST			
♠ 9 3			
♥ A Q 9 6 2			
♦ 10 4			
♣ K Q 9 5			
EAST (D)			
♠ A Q J 7 4			
♥ K J 5			
♦ 8 7			
♣ A 8 3			
SOUTH			
♠ 2			
♥ 4			
♦ A K Q J 9 6 5 3			
♣ 2			
East-West vul			
East	South	West	North
1 ♠	2 ♥ (1)	Double	Pass
Pass	3 ♠ (1)	Double	Pass
Pass	Pass	Double	Pass
Opening lead—♠ 9			

CHESS PROBLEM

By E. PUIG AMBROS

Black, 12 pieces.



White, 11 pieces.

White to play; mate in two.

Solution to yesterday's problem:

1. B-B3; threat K1-Q2 (ch).
2. R-B3; 2. K1-K12 (dis ch);
3. K1-B3; 2. K1-R3 (dis ch);
4. Q-B2; 2. K1-K2 (dis ch);
5. B-B3; 2. K1-K6 (dis ch).

BY THE WAY
by Beachcomber

IT is good news that Dall is to design scenery for another play. Nobody who really cares about anything has forgotten his sets for Vaurien's "Mouchemorie."

For the first act, which takes place in a morgue, the stage was thick with three feet, and propped up on piles of corks. A toy railway train was stuck to one wall, and on the other side of the stage there was a boiler with no sides to it, filled with the skeletons of ferrets. In the centre of the stage there was a large ball of steel string, with a coiled ladder of top of it, and the backcloth was a torn piece of mica, through which wooden horses poled their heads. All this was admirably suited to the scene in which the tram-driver walks round a smoking egg on stilts.

CARD SENSE

Q—With both sides vulnerable, the bidding has been: North, East, South, West. 1 Diamond 1 Spade 2 You, South, hold: Spades A-6, Hearts 5-2, Diamonds K-9-5, Clubs A-Q-10-9-4-2. What do you do?

A—Bid two clubs. You will probably wind up in three no-trump, but there is no harm in a bit of preliminary exploration. If your partner can show some real enthusiasm for the clubs, you will try for a slam.

TODAY'S QUESTION

The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold: Spades A, Hearts 5-2, Diamonds K-9-5, Clubs A-Q-10-9-4-2. What do you do?

Cambridge Study On Longevity Is Inconclusive

London.

IF strenuous exertions in youth weaken the heart of middle age—or, to put it the other way, if lack of strenuous exertions strengthens the middle-age heart—you can't prove anything by the sportsmen and scholars of Cambridge.

Sir Alun Rook, senior health officer of that venerable English university, whose athletic contests with Oxford are celebrated for strenuousness, checked up on the men who had distinguished themselves either as athletes or as scholars at Cambridge from 1860 to 1900.

He also chose a random group of men who had distinguished themselves in nothing. He wanted to find out which men had lived the longest—the sportsmen, the scholars, or the absentminded—and whether diseases of the heart and arteries had killed more or fewer athletes than scholars.

He found out that the scholars had averaged about 15 years longer lives than the sportsmen. "But this small difference," he concluded, "might well be due to chance." The athletes and the random men lived for about the same number of years. And he found no evidence that cardiovascular diseases killed more sportsmen or killed them at earlier ages.

SUICIDE RATIO

But he did find a suicide ratio of 40.9 per 1,000 among the intellectuals and a ratio of only 8.6 per 1,000 among the sportsmen and the undistinguished.

"The likelihood that these figures are due to chance is less than one in a hundred," he observed.

The groups were made up of 772 Cambridge men who had won a "blue" in one or more sports, 374 men whose names appeared on the scholastic honours lists, and 330 who were just names in the "alumni Cantabrigienses." He took the first name on every tenth page.

The average age of death of the sportsmen was 67.07; of the scholars, 66.41; of the random group, 67.43. He broke his survival rates down by ages from 20 to 60 and from these figures decided that:

"Up to the age of 40 the sportsmen had slightly better prospects (of living longer). The differences seen in the last two groups probably being the result of deaths of I weaklings who, from their physical attributes, would be unlikely to be drawn to sports. At 40 years the intellectual group has caught up to the sportsmen; after this the sportsmen and the random group keep closely together, while the intellectuals have a slight but distinct advantage at each age."

NOT CONCLUSIVE

He noted that his results were not in total agreement with American studies which give scholars a "distinctly greater expectation of life" than sportsmen. But he was not inclined

to insist that the little difference he found was due either to youthful strenuousness or to chance.

"The psychological factors which attract men to take part in strenuous and sometimes hazardous pastimes are often not wholly satisfied by such activities, and sportsmen are more inclined to live dangerously than their less energetic neighbours," he said in his report in the British Medical Journal.

"Hence, when a study of the longevity and of the cause of death of sportsmen is probably the only method at present available for ascertaining whether in the long run strenuous exertion is, or is not, harmful to the cardiovascular system, it is a method that is beset with pitfalls and one which justifies only tentative conclusions."—United Press.

Top Tunes From The Shows

RCA-VICTOR'S new

Show Time series of top tunes from 16 great American musicals is one of the most ambitious recording ventures of the year.

Through the marvel of the long play record, the four leading numbers from each musical were pressed on one side of each 10-inch disc. There are eight such long-plays in the series.

The musicals range from Victor Herbert's "Mademoiselle Modiste," with its classic "Kiss Me Again," to "Kiss Me, Kate," in between are such favourites as "Oklahoma," "Showboat," "Porgy and Bess."

Here is a short review of each show:

"Mademoiselle Modiste"—tuneless Victor Herbert numbers ably sung by Doretta Morrow and Felix Knight.

"Naughty Marietta"—Again we have Miss Morrow and Knight handling "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life," and "Ninth the Southern Moon." Miss Knight reminds you of Jeannette MacDonald in the "Italian Street Song."

Rich Baritone

"Showboat"—RCA Victor selected members of the road show of a few years ago to record this one. William C. Smith gives a rich, baritone impression of "Old Man River."

"The Cat and the Fiddle"—Patricia Neway and Stephen Douglas star. Most familiar numbers: "The Night Was Made for Love" and "She Didn't Say Yes."

"Shuffle Along"—Top song is "I'm Just Wild About Harry." "Blackbirds of 1928"—Cab Calloway steals this one with "I Can't Give You Anything But Love."

"The Band Wagon"—Harold Lang, George Britton and Edith Adams share honours. Best songs: "Dancing in the Dark."

"The Little Show"—Carol Bruce takes the lead. Remember "When Yuba Plays the Rumba on the Tuba?"

"Porgy and Bess"—Cab Calloway, Helen Thigpen, Leslie Scott do the classic "It Ain't Necessarily So," "Summertime," "I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'" and "Bess, You Is My Woman."

1937 HIT

"Babes in Arms"—The haunting "Where or When" comes from this Rodgers and Hart hit of 1937.

"Jumbo"—another Rodgers-Hart hit that features "My Romance" and "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World."

"Carrousel" and "Oklahoma"—Need no comment.

"Kiss Me, Kate"—George Britton again, with Helena Blais, excellent backing by Lehman Engel.

"Anything Goes"—Helen Gallagher and Jack Cassady have a good time handling such Cole Porter hits as "Get a Kick Out of Me" and "You're the Top."

—WILLIAM D. LAFLEW

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SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY, in a formal announcement, has said that the D-Day invasion of Normandy, on June 6, 1944, was the greatest military operation in the history of the world. He said that the invasion was a triumph for the Allied forces, and that it was a turning point in the war. He said that the invasion was a great achievement, and that it was a great day for the world.

